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ALETHES,

OR,

THE ROMAN EXILE;

A TALE,

FOUNDED UPON INCIDENTS

IN THE REIGN OF MARCUS AURELIUS, EMPEROR OF ROME.

BY

JOHN K. LARSEN,

AUTHOR OF "LEISURE HOURS."

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TO

HIS EXCELLENCY MAJOR GENERAL SIR JOHN HARVEY,

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,

AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE PROVINCE OF NEW-BRUNSWICK,

K. C. B. AND K. C. H., &c. &c. &c.

THIS VOLUME

IS DEDICATED,

By His Excellency's

Very grateful Servant,

And Admirer,

JOHN K. LASKEY.



THE high, the mountain majesty of worth
Should be and shall, survivor of its woe,
And from its immortality look forth
On the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow,
Imperishably pure, beyond all things below!

BYRON.

RELIGION'S force divine is but displayed
In deep desertion of all human aid;
To succour in extremes is her delight,
And cheer the heart when terror strikes the sight.
We, disbelieving our own senses, gaze,
And wonder what a mortal's heart can raise,
To triumph at misfortunes, smile at grief,
And comfort those who came to seek relief;
We gaze; and as we gaze, wealth, fame decay,
And all the world's bright glories fade away.

ZIMMERMAN'S SOLITUDE.

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ALETHES,

OR,

THE ROMAN EXILE.

CHAPTER I.

ACILLIA was the daughter of **Servius Valerius**, a Roman General, and of **Annia Cornificia**, the only sister of **Marcus Aurelius**, Emperor of Rome. The time of her father being devoted to the army, the education of **Acillia** devolved principally upon her mother, whose mind in masculine energy, bore a striking resemblance to that of her brother; and who, having received the best education which could be obtained in Rome, knew how to appreciate and develop the talents of her daughter. The best teachers were employed to instruct her in the fashionable arts and sciences of the times; and she was also taught the language of Greece that she might become familiar with its literature in its original purity.

Not only the hours appropriated for lectures and study did **Acillia** devote to the pursuit of knowledge, but in the

early morning and the far-advanced night she pored over the philosophy of Zeno, or studied the beauties of Sophocles and the poets of her own country. This incessant application could not but impair a constitution naturally delicate, and before the age at which her education would be finished and she should maintain her superior rank in society, her health was greatly reduced, and at times her life despaired of; and an indispensable alternative was suggested, a removal to the eastern provinces. Accordingly the city of Smyrnia in Lydia was selected as the most salubrious and pleasant for her residence. It was situated upon the eastern extremity of a Gulf of its own name, and which was also called the Bay of Hermæus; and was at this period of the world, one of the most important places of the Empire in the East. It commanded an extensive commerce with all the cities of Lydia, as well as with those of the countries east of it, and the neighbouring provinces. In its schools and literature it rivalled Tarsus and Athens; and its climate was one of the most agreeable of Asia Minor.

The fatigue of a journey of over three hundred leagues, notwithstanding it was attended with the most delightful breezes and the sunshine of Spring, reduced Acillia to the point of death; and the idea of her recovery was totally abandoned.—But the attention of the most skilful physicians, together with a change of climate and relaxation from every study, produced the anticipated effect on her constitution; and she had, after several months, the happiness to know that her health was returning.

Her principal physician was a man of very singular

disposition and habits, but as extensively learned in his profession as the knowledge of the times would permit ; and might be said to have been eminent. He had been a scholar of the celebrated Galen of Pergamus, and was one of the most adhesive disciples of that great prince of physicians. In his manners he was decidedly austere and forbidding, without any portion of cheerfulness or benevolence, two ingredients very requisite in the composition of a physician's character ; and being a patrician, he extended the circle of his practice only to the friends of his own cast ; nor did he, unless upon imminent occasions, personally administer to those who intrusted their lives to his skill. His pupils, who were capable, served out his prescriptions and executed his injunctions.

At the time of which we are speaking, he was guardian to his nephew Alethes, who was pursuing the study of medicine under his direction. Young Alethes, being of a studious turn of mind, had acquired a knowledge of universal history and the manners and customs of the known nations of his time ; and was now passing the remainder of his minority with his uncle, that he might the better acquire the philosophy and learning of the age. His father had died and left him—his only kindred beside his brother Superius—heir to immense treasures, which he had accumulated during his administration of the government.—Alethes was the youngest of four children, three of whom died in early life ; and as he survived them, his father did not refuse any expense upon his education.—He had designed him for the affairs of State, and it was rather the inclination of Alethes ; but his uncle who con-

sidered no profession so congenial to the habits of his nephew as his own, scarcely allowed him a choice, who, striving to please and obey, resigned himself to his uncle's wishes,—at least, until he should become of age. His character was the very opposite of his guardian's. If the latter was austere and ungenerous, the former was open and benevolent; if his uncle excluded himself from all intercourse but with those of his own rank, and admitted no other system of religion but that of his ancestors, Alethes associated himself so far with the plebian poor, as to mitigate their poverty and administer to their distress in sickness; and if he did not reject the religion of his father, he believed in the philosophy of Socrates, and sought to know the religious doctrines and ceremonies of other nations.

During the protracted illness of Acillia, Alethes had been deputed to attend her almost daily; and if his gentle and polished manners, his exquisite symmetry of form, his sympathy and most assiduous attention, did not win the affection, it at least excited the gratitude, of the beautiful invalid. Nor did the disciple of Esculapius regard Acillia only as a patient. His accustomed visits were continued long after she had regained her health, and resumed her studies; and he, who had acted in the capacity of a physician, now became a friend, who assisted Acillia to explore other regions of Grecian literature than she had before known.

Two years had already passed since Acillia left Rome. Having an exquisite taste, and an unbounded love for scenes of nature and art, during this time she visited

Athens, Ephesus and Militus, where, in former days, existed the greatest wonders and the greatest men, that ever appeared in the world. At Athens she saw the *Stoa*, the celebrated portico where the immortal Zeno, four hundred years before, led captive the Athenian youth by the charms of his philosophy, and the virtue of his life. At this period of the city it still possessed a part of its original splendor, and contained those curious pictures which anciently adorned it, and the statue of Minerva set there by the Athenians, the former executed by Pandæus, and the latter by his brother Phidias. Acillia took a peculiar interest in anything that related to the life of Zeno. She had imbibed the spirit from her uncle Aurelius, who was one of his most devoted and celebrated disciples then living; and knew that he would be gratified with anything she could communicate respecting the life of the founder of his system of Philosophy. She also saw the philosopher's house, where the Athenians, from their admiration of his talents, and the great reverence universally paid him, left the keys of the city as the safest repository. Before it still remained his statue of brass, which the people erected to his fame, and which had been preserved during four centuries amid the ruins of time, and the revolutions of the city.

The health of Acillia was now perfectly recovered, her person improved, and the energies of her mind strengthened and disciplined by study and reflection. And the time had arrived for her departure for Rome. Alethes, to whom she felt herself indebted as a physician, and from whose society she had derived many pleasures,

held no place in her affections, farther than gratitude which the admiration of his talents and virtues naturally inspired; and they separated as friends, mutually endeared by long intercourse, and engaged in the same pursuits of literature.

CHAPTER II.

We must pass over a period of five years in the history of Acillia, which she passed alternately at Rome, and her father's villa, several leagues distant. She had in early youth been affianced in marriage to a young nobleman called Clodius Corrinnius, the son of a wealthy citizen of Tarquinia. They had seen each other at Rome in childhood, where they received the elements of their education, but from that time had been separated. Clodius had been long engaged in the wars of Africa, Dacia and Germany; but his return was now daily expected, and his nuptials with Acillia, which had only been deferred, by his unavoidable absence, were to be celebrated with great pomp at the palace of Servius Valerius.

The villa or country residence of a rich citizen of Rome, at this period of her glory, was indeed magnificent—Sallust, Seneca, and Horace relate that some villas were built after the manner and opulence of cities.—That of Servius Valerius was situated at the mouth of a river a little east of Antium, and commanded a most ex-

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tensive and delightful prospect. To the west, and beyond Antium, which was at this time in ruins, lay the Mediterranean Sea extending itself south and south-east. From the sublime Appennines on the north-east, the river rolled its course in silence ; and far to the east, until lost in the distance, extended fruitful hills and vales. The villa itself was of stone, several stories high, and very capacious. Besides dining-rooms, parlours, chambers, tennis-courts, baths, terraces, and walks, adapted to the different seasons of the year, there were spacious apartments for wine, oil, and fruits ; extensive granaries, store-houses, and repositories. Attached to these were buildings for the accommodation of slaves, workmen, and horses ; rooms curiously fashioned, containing rare and beautiful birds ; and beyond the whole an extensive park. In the centre of this villa arose a high tower, in the upper part of which was a magnificent supping-room, furnished with couches, where the guests, while reclining at table, might enjoy the delightful prospect around.

Acillia was seated at a window of a small apartment leading from the supper-room. The sun was setting on the still and shining Mediterranean, and as he seemed to sink into the sea, there shot obliquely beams of amber light from his orb, and spread over the waters, which appeared a mass of dying flame, half persuading her that the burning chariot of Apollo was guided by another Phaeton. The beautiful blue of the firmament was changing to the most gorgeous purple, and overspreading the earth and sea with its exquisite tints. Acillia looked forth upon the scene with those indescribable sea-

sations of pleasure, which the contemplation of the beautiful and sublime in nature, alone can produce.

As the sun withdrew from the delightful landscape which had been so richly illuminated, his glory seemed to have interpenetrated all nature; and the steps of night obtruded to veil such beauty from admiring mortals. The purple of the sky faded away and was lost in liquid depths of æther; and the light of the moon and the stars soon succeeded that of the day.

Acillia looked intensely up to heaven, and communed with her heart, whether among those shining orbs did there reside beings who were tangible to mortals; or were there those who were ever invisible and unknown to man, but who tenderly watched over his destiny. Her own religion taught her that there existed gods and immortal spirits, who were subject to pain and pleasure like herself; who were pleased or offended with the offerings, which mortals presented to them; and that they could only be worshipped by sacrifices. The book open before her, which she had been attentively reading, taught her that there was only *one* God, who presided over the affairs of mortals;—that all power and knowledge were his attributes; and that he was worshipped only by prayer and a blameless life. These thoughts had long absorbed her mind, and she felt half assured that the new philosophy which she had been lately perusing, was far more logical than the mythology of her own country.

She again unrolled the manuscript, but half distrustfully, and as she turned over its leaves, a passage arrested her eye, which contained the substance of the Christian reli-

gion, and from which she learned that God had sent his son into the world, to whom was given power over all mankind to bestow immortal life upon those who were his disciples. The passage was the following :

"Kathos edokas auto exousian pases sarkos, ina pan o dedokas auto dose autois zoen aionion. Aute de estin e aionois zoe, ina ginokosi se ton monon alethinon Theon, kai on apesteilas Iesoum Christon. Ergo se edoxasa epi tes ges : to ergon eteleiosa o dedokas moi ina poieso. Kai nun doxason me su pater, para seauto te doxe e eichon, pro tou ton kosmon einai, para soi." *

As she read these words, she raised her hand to her head, and sunk into a profound meditation ; then glancing again at the scroll, her thoughts gradually formed themselves into a soliloquy.—"Where dwells he then, this mighty God, who overlooks the world ; who deigns not to regard mysterious rites, offerings, and sacrifice ? Sits he in heaven above great Jupiter ? But Jupiter is not—there are no gods but One, and he is Lord of all the elements—reads every thought of man—scans every act—rewards all virtue, and punishes all crime."

Thus mused Acillia ; her mind like the sky on which she gazed, dimly illumined with reflected light.

The soft evening breeze lifted the jetty ringlets from her neck—she was about to withdraw, when the sound of music caught her ear ; and looking out upon the sea, she discovered in the distance, a small pleasure galley impelled by oars, making its way towards the shore.

* John, xvii. verses 2, 3, 4, 5.

The evening was far advanced—the feast had been spread, and the magnificently furnished hall echoed sounds of revelry. Servius Valerius had returned victorious from battle; and among the guests by whom he was surrounded; conspicuous for his manly figure, his noble but somewhat haughty bearing, and the restlessness of his piercing eye, was Clodius Corrinnius, the affianced husband of Acillia.

It would be useless to attempt to describe the varying emotions of the betrothed at their first meeting, since early childhood. The fame of the Roman soldier had not unfrequently greeted the ear of the studious and thoughtful, but dignified and heroic Acillia; and the beauty, graces, and accomplishments of the latter, had often been a theme of eulogy in the Roman camp. The portrait of Clodius was a perfect index to his character. The broad, but retreating forehead; the deep-set piercing eye, and finely curved, but firmly compressed lips, around which frequently played a smile, which ill accorded with the sternness of the other features, bespoke daring and firmness, joined with the less enviable qualities of dissimulation and revenge. Acillia, beautiful as a nymph of her own sunny clime, looked the personification of dignity and love. Her long raven hair was braided with pearls, and confined about the temples, while a few clustering curls shaded her graceful neck and finely rounded cheek. The large dark eyes, with their thoughtful, almost sad expression, and the delicately penciled and arching brows, contrasted admirably with the high, fair forehead, and small, exquisitely moulded lips.

She wore a circular robe of white tissue, richly bordered with purple and fastened on the left shoulder with a golden clasp; and beneath this, a long flowing garment wrought with gold, with a deep purple fringe descending to the feet, and shoes of the same colour embroidered with pearls, completed her dress.

On the following day, Clodius proposed that Acillia should walk in the garden.—Unattended by their slaves, they passed through a long promenade overshadowed by hanging willows, leading into a beautiful field, which was cultivated by fruit trees, divided into long rows, each of which was of a different kind. Through the middle of the field, was an extensive opening, appropriated to the cultivation of flowers, and aromatic plants. Passing through this to the opposite part of the garden, they approached an aged oak, whose wide-spreading branches, and unfaded leaves threw around it a pleasant shade. The trunk and branches were entwined by tendrils of vine, which diffused themselves over the tree and hung in ripening festoons. Beneath the tree, Acillia and Clodius seated themselves upon a couch and conversed in the following language:

Clodius—So the Quintillian brothers, Maximin and Cardianus have been here.

Acillia—Yes—a long time with my brother, who you know loves them most dearly.

Clodius—And I suppose you share your brother's sentiments.

Acillia—They command the admiration of all who know them, from their great love to each other. They

are wonderful young men, given up to no ignoble conduct, but to the pursuit of every manly virtue. They were never unkind to each other, never have been separated for a day. While here, they were always reading the same books, and always wrote upon the same subjects. They were always happy, always rendering their friends so; and it seemed as if one soul actuated both bodies. And their generosity is as unbounded as their fortune.

Clodius—As their fortune *now* is. Great streams have been known to exhaust themselves by the rapidity of their course. They—

Acillia—They give what they do not want. They appropriate their wealth to liberal designs, in relieving the misery of the poor of Rome.—And do not such acts of kindness communicate a pleasure to our hearts, commensurate with the gift itself?

Clodius—Women themselves are always generous—always ready to bestow a favour, but never consider in conferring a gift, whether it is injustice to themselves or beneficial to the receiver. As to myself, I never have discovered any obligation upon human nature, that should prompt me to give away my wealth to one who has never presented me with an equivalent. But I have been astonished and provoked to see men bestow gold upon those who had not knowledge sufficient to appreciate it, or thank their benefactors. And as it regards the Quintillian brothers, they should be as much despised as they have been admired. To the mind of every man of rank, all their former conduct must appear as forever clouded by their impious liberality.

Acillia—How! What have they done, Clodius!

Clodius—They have given within a few weeks, several talents of silver to the support of a sect of detestable Jews, fanatic disciples of their new deity.

Acillia—The Quintillian brothers! And do you think it so great a crime to bestow a favour upon those poor creatures, whom our countrymen abhor, and whose country we have taken?

Clodius—We cannot offend the gods more, than by giving our riches which they have bestowed upon us, to those who despise them and break their sacred images.

Acillia—And what do those Jews teach?

Clodius—They believe in but one Deity, whose power, they affirm, is universal. They teach that he has sent his son to dwell upon the earth; that he became a human being, and taught his disciples the knowledge and mysteries of heaven. They suppose him to have purchased immortal and endless happiness by dying, and say that all who worship him as a god, and only those, shall possess the same life after they have disappeared from this world. Him they call *CHRIST*, and his disciples *CHRISTIANS*. They are mean and ignorant, and haters of philosophy. They despise our laws, our customs, and our religion; the glory of our temples, monuments, and victories.—Are not such contemptible, and punishable with extreme torture?

Acillia—I have often heard of them, and have seen many. I have always considered them an unoffending people.

Clodius—But they are not. They are impious and must be punished and destroyed, or their religion will supplant ours, and ruin the Empire. A Roman, who has rejected his own religion so long established and built upon the foundation of true philosophy, for one so blind, so mean, so ignoble,—deserves the most torturing punishment; and Justinus has justly merited his. He was beheaded upon—

Acillia—Who?—you did not say Justinus, the philosopher?

Clodius—Yes, the philosopher.

Acillia—Clodius, did you know that he has been my teacher! And is it indeed true that he was put to death? How did he perish;—for what? When? Clodius.

Clodius—He was beheaded at Rome about three weeks ago. An enmity had existed between him and Cræseus, who accused him of unlawful conduct before the Senate; and accordingly, he was beheaded with six of his companions. And he is not a true Roman who will show those infatuated brawlers any greater favor.

Acillia—Clodius, are you not too severe against them?—We have a slave here, who is a christian; and if his religion has rendered his conduct so distinguished, I wish that all our slaves were christians. He is the most patient, kind, and obedient slave I ever saw. And he is learned. He speaks Greek fluently, and has executed some beautiful paintings for my brother. Indeed, my father thinks him capable of overseeing all the affairs of the villa; and my brother treats him rather as a companion than a slave.

Clodius—You astonish me, Acillia—he reads Greek? paints? a *slave*!—from what country, and how long has he been with you?

Acillia—He is a Dacian, and was taken in the war last spring. My father purchased him and brought him here, where he has since remained.

Clodius—He can not be a Dacian. They know nothing of letters.—What is his name.

Acillia—We call him Villicus, and know him by no other. We have often interrogated him about his friends and birth, but he was always unwilling to answer our enquiries.

Clodius—I am greatly inclined to think him a hypocrite.—What does your father think of him.

Acillia—He believes him the best slave ever sold at Rome; *and has promised him his liberty in the spring, without any other reward than his superior conduct.*

Clodius—I never heard of a learned slave.

Acillia—O yes! *Ææop* of Phrygia, who instructed Greece by his fables, was a slave; and many wise men in all countries have become so by ill-fortune.

Clodius—We shall see this great man!

As he spoke these words, triumphantly, as though he could confound every opinion that differed from his, by his own superior knowledge,—Acillia begged him to return; and accordingly they retired from the garden.

CHAPTER III.

After they returned to the villa, Clodius proposed that Acillia should take an excursion upon the water; and within a short time, accompanied by two robust slaves and a female attendant, they embarked upon the beautiful Mediterranean. The sea was ruffled by a slight breeze, tossing its blue waves up to catch the golden light of the morning, and appeared like a vast plain of shining pebbles, changing and resuming their place as if by magic. The little party in their small pleasure galley, proceeded up the shore towards Antium, and had advanced but a short distance, when an accident transpired that precipitated them all into the sea. By this unfortunate event, not only the sufferers, but the parents of Acillia and the slaves, who were willing to put their own lives in imminent peril to preserve Acillia's,—were thrown into the greatest consternation, as they saw no possible means by which they could be redeemed from their impending fate. On that morning the several boats which had been moored at the shore, were sent away at an early hour. Nothing was now presented to the sufferers and the sympathizing spectators but *death*!—even when it might have been least expected. But thus it happens, and thus is terminated the history of many, who have endured every misfortune, who have encountered death in every dreadful shape; and finally, when least apprehended, his snares are spread, and they have become captive, who had begun to hope for a happier life.

The excitement of the spectators for the sufferers was now wrought up to the highest degree. The agony of the parents of Acillia was extreme. Oh! could they but rescue their beloved daughter from death!—a death of which they themselves were the observers! So sudden! So unexpected! When they had contemplated nothing but prosperity, behold the hand of adversity was upon them!—A hundred faces looked to heaven, and a hundred voices supplicated for mercy. There is no help!—No human being can convey the power which he possesses, beyond the wave sparkling and dying away at his feet!—It is impossible wholly to describe the feelings of parents situated as those before us. To see a beloved child, whom its mother has nourished, watched over, and beheld with anxiety and yet with happiness, as its existence expanded into energy and manifested those noble, affectionate and holy qualities which adorn human nature, when she contemplated only that which was to contribute to her felicity,—perish before her eyes, and almost within grasp of her arm, is the most overwhelming and affecting calamity which the human heart can sustain. No! I cannot do justice to a parent's feelings!—I believe in the holy religion that God has given us to refine and elevate our nature; but that affection which a mother's soul nourishes, appears to me almost divine, and almost worthy our adoration! It is created by the spirit of Heaven, and will never consume by the decline of life. In prosperity and misfortune it is alike ardent and unchanged. Wealth cannot bribe it—power cannot bind it—nor the rage of the elements of nature destroy it! It is as noble as the

universe of God, and can only cease to burn, when the heart that nourishes it shall have refused to beat! Reader, if you have a mother yet spared to you, to smile upon you—to welcome you home—to look upon you with partiality—to forgive your faults—who is ever deeply interested in every circumstance which relates to your happiness—never forget her—never forget to cherish her with all your heart's best feelings—think of her when absent—think of her when dangers and destructions surround and threaten you, and who, to redeem you from death, if she were able, in the madness of her heart's devotion, would blot out the sun, dethrone the moon from her starry court, and wage war against all the energies of nature!

The situation of Acillia's mother was most wretched and heart-rending. In one breath she called upon the gods to preserve her; and in the next, commanded her to save herself;—offered gold and treasures to those around her, and execrated them when she saw the vain efforts they put forth to redeem her daughter.

But at a period so momentous, and when the hope of any assistance was abandoned, Villicus passed by the parents who were shrieking and fainting upon the shore, with the speed of lightning, and plunged into the sea.—Behold, he divides the waves with the swiftness and ease of the swan!—He urges forward!—A moment more, and he has gained the drowning Acillia!—No! she has disappeared! The frail hope to which she clung has escaped her grasp, and she sinks beneath the waves!—She appears!—She is safe!—Villicus has placed beneath her

grasp a fragment of wood, which supports her above the water!—He turns away, and in a moment more, he has preserved the life of Clodius, who had supported himself by clinging to an oar.—They are rescued! and ecstatic joy has filled the hearts, which but a moment before despair had paralyzed.

At the time of the accident of oversetting the boat, Villicus was returning from the field with a large bottle in his hand, constructed of the skin of some animal, and manufactured into leather, after the manner of those in the east; capacious enough to contain eight or ten gallons, and capable of being inflated as a balloon. The one under consideration was made in a manner convenient to be borne upon the shoulders, extending over the back from the right to the left side, and supported by a cord attached to each end. At this critical juncture he had the presence of mind to inflate the bottle, which occurred to him as a support in buoying up the body, as he had seen practiced by the Phœnicians; and which was done with such rapidity and suspended over his shoulder, as scarcely to be perceptible to the beholders. As he ran towards the shore he perceived the trunk of a small poplar, which he seized, threw into the water, and impelled before him until he reached Acillia, as has been related. The inflated bottle he conveyed to Clodius, who found it a matter of no difficulty without further assistance, to escape from his perilous situation. The attention of Villicus was now directed to the other sufferers. It was found that Acillia's maid having been precipitated so far from the boat as to be unable to grasp anything by which to support herself, had perish-

ed—the other attendants clung to it, and were finally rescued by means of a plank capable of supporting them.

The joy of the parents at this almost miraculous preservation of their child, and the gratitude of the rescued, may easily be imagined. But Clodius, on ascertaining that he owed his life to the exertions of the slave, who had been a subject of conversation on the morning before, between himself and Acillia, checked the current of generous feeling which was springing up in his heart, and ceased to consider the noble and masterly effort that Villicus had made to preserve his life, otherwise than a common act of kindness, which should only call forth an acknowledgment from him on whom it was bestowed. But seeing the gratitude manifested by Servius Valerius, whom he particularly affected to please, he presented to the slave a piece of silver, as a cancel for the debt which he supposed the parents of Acillia owed him, accompanied with these words: "Receive this, Villicus, as a reward for your services to us."—But Villicus, in whose soul the pure springs of virtuous and noble actions were confined, and wanted only that freedom of body and mind which is indispensable to call them from their profound and silent recesses, to diffuse their powerful influence through the spheres of human society,—replied in language characteristic of a generous and great mind, that "he was a man, and felt an interest in whatever related to the happiness of mankind; and that, as he had achieved no deed worthy of such a reward, he could by no means receive it."

By this reply, uttered with such dignity of sentiment,

and in a distinct and melodious voice, Villicus was regarded with astonishment and admiration by all who heard him, except Clodius, who beheld him with ineffable chagrin and contempt; and who, when he saw with what partiality the slave was considered, could scarcely restrain the volley of imprecations he was about to pour upon him.

But Acillia's gratitude, as she realized the fate from which she had recently been delivered, and the noble disinterestedness of the slave towards her, overleaped the bounds which had been ascribed it, and poured out its ardour in a thousand thanks. She exclaimed, "thou art, O Villicus! the most worthy slave ever condemned to servitude!" And turning to her father, about whose neck she threw her arms, said, "restore, O my father! this magnanimous young man to liberty and the better enjoyments of life; and let him and us forget that he has served in thy house, in the capacity of a servant and slave!"

Servius Valerius immediately arose from his seat and walking towards Villicus, after the manner of the law of Rome placed his hand upon his head, and requesting that five persons might be witness, pronounced him in the name of Rome, **FREE!**

On this day Villicus feasted at the same table with Servius Valerius and his family, clothed, as tokens of his freedom and his master's esteem, in a long white robe, and on a finger of the left hand wearing a superb ring set with diamonds, upon which was engraved the giver's image.

Dinner being over, Servius turned to Villicus and said, "You are now at liberty to desire and choose for yourself.

You can remain in Italy or return to your own country. If you should desire the last, that you may be the better able, accept from me as a paternal gift, these hundred aurii.* But if you should remain, I hereby promise to procure for you the privilege of a Roman citizen; and if you will consent to tarry in my family until the spring shall return, you shall receive my thanks and a liberal reward."

Villicus replied, "Since a reverse of fortune has placed me in servitude, I hope that I have executed your commands, and performed my duty as a slave. For the amelioration of my poverty, my affection for you is as strong as my love of life,—and for the many kindnesses of your family towards me, my heart will glow with gratitude while there is life to continue the flame. I accept your present. Your great benevolence places me at your command; and I consider that I am bound to perform your wishes."

He continued—"And it is not unknown to you, O Servius Valerius, that our good Emperor, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, has, within the period of eight months, published an edict in favour of the Christians—a sect of people whose creed is to be temperate, charitable, inoffensive; to subdue their passions, to be lowly in heart, to do no evil, and to worship one God, who alone they believe, can assist, punish, or reward mortals. For their religion they have been doomed, wherever the dominion of Rome had extended, to all kinds of punishments,—tortures the most

* Equal to 80*l.* 12*s.*

dreadful the mind could invent. They have been brave, but unrevenged; and choose to meet a horrid death, rather than forfeit the favour of God, who holds the gift of immortal life, and will not bestow it upon those who disobey him, and refuse to suffer for the glory of his religion. I am a Christian, Servius Valerius, and do not fear to meet death in his most terrific form. I court not his favour, but will never shun him when he approaches.

"As the Romans believe that Jupiter has dwelt upon the earth, so believe the Christians, that, by his own power, God, when the wickedness of mankind had become great, rendered himself mortal and dwelt with men, whom he taught the knowledge of immortality and incorruptible happiness beyond the grave. He suffered to die as a man—that his disciples might believe they should live again, he resumed his life, triumphed over death; showed himself to innumerable witnesses, and ascended into the heavens to his throne, surrounded by legions of angels, who ever greet him with rapturous songs and never ceasing praises. Yet, in all his glory, he hears our requests, and sends us aid in every time of need.

"Bear with me a little longer, O Servius Valerius, and permit me to say that I am a Roman, the son of—'a Roman!' involuntarily exclaimed all who heard him. "Yes," continued Villicus, "I am a Roman, the son of a nobleman of Lydia, called Sorex, Prætor of Smyrna, himself a native of Rome. My father died when I was twelve years of age, committing me, and his fortune to the care of my uncle, a physician, who also resided at Smyrna. My name is Alethes." He would have pro-

ceeded, but his feelings were too strong to be controlled. The fountain within his heart, long congealed by the deadning influence of misfortune, was now broken up. The sun of prosperity was shining upon it—the streams which had once fed it were swollen, and again conveyed themselves to their great repository, and caused it to overflow. He faltered—hesitated—withdrew to a couch—sunk upon it and swooned.—The auditors of this narration were transfixed with astonishment—involved in a mystery from which they could not extricate themselves. Alethes, the name by which we shall hereafter designate, Villicus, overpowered by the associations of home, of his former rank, and of the many miseries he had endured, was unable to proceed in his recital. The particulars of his exile will form the substance of the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

The reader will recollect that while Acillia was ill at Smyrna, whither she had gone for the recovery of her health, she became acquainted with Alethes, who was then residing with his uncle Superius. About the time of her departure, there arose by order of the Governor of the Province of Lydia, an order for the persecution of every Roman who apostatized from his religion and espoused Christianity. The command was put into effect,

and thousands of persons of all ranks of society in Smyrna and the neighbouring towns were victims to its fury. Among these there was of the city a young man named Germanicus of rank and fortune, who was the friend and companion of Alethes, and from whom he first received a distinct idea of the doctrine of christianity. But although Alethes saw his friend espouse the principles of his religion, and practice the duties they enjoined, with sincerity and with fervency, he did not, for a long time, view them as sufficient to stand the test of philosophy. Germanicus was an attendant upon the ministry of Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, who had been a scholar of St. John the Evangelist. From him he imbibed the spirit of christianity in its purity; and as Polycarp had in his possession a transcript of the life of the Great Founder of his religion written by his teacher, he was at the pains of copying it twice over with his own hand, that he might more effectually assimilate his mind to its holy character. One of these transcriptions he bestowed upon his friend Alethes, who did not possess it long before he acknowledged its truths.

The time now approached when the two friends were to be separated. The professing of christianity by Germanicus was too notorious an example to pass unobserved and unrevenged by his former friends whose passions were desperate, and who had become determined upon his destruction. He was immediately apprehended, and the Governor ordered that he should be given to the wild beasts, in the presence of the citizens. The next day was the time appointed, and the circus was selected as the place of

execution. This was a circular building, and not elliptical like the amphitheatre of Rome. The diameter of its outer walls was four hundred feet, and that of the arena, two hundred and fifty. It was capacious enough to contain fifteen thousand persons. The moment arrived for the dreadful spectacle, and Germanicus unbound was presented to the ferocious spectators, who were impatient for his death. The circus was thronged with citizens of all ranks and conditions; and Alethes attended among others, that he might witness for himself the conduct of his friend at the close of his mortal existence. He was clad with a short tunic fastened about his loins, leaving his legs, chest and arms naked. He was required to use a sword that he might defend himself and prolong the sport for the people. The instrument he held, however, rather resembled a ponderous knife than a sword.

Its blade was about two feet in length, and three inches in width, with two edges. The individual who was destined to wield it as a defence against his life, was tall but slightly made, with long and muscular arms and thin legs the action of whose muscles was perceptible in every motion he made. He walked into the centre of the arena with the greatest self-possession and majesty, and apparently without any idea of death upon his mind. His gait and the gestures of his body showed that he united to his strength an extraordinary degree of activity. He took his station in the centre. He raised himself to his full height, and showed a countenance to the spectators of no ordinary beauty. His nose was straight and purely Grecian. His forehead was high and well developed, and his eye,—

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large, full and dark, keen, and sure-sighted, beamed intensely upon those around him, as if reading their desires for his death, or searching for some familiar or friendly face. He at length raised his arm above his head, as the signal to admit his enemy. His countenance at this moment was sublime in the extreme. The bars of a cage which contained a large African lion were removed. The scent of blood was in his nostrils. He sprung forward and with one dreadful bound stood before Germanicus. But his foe fixed him to the ground. The magic of his brilliant eye was as powerful as the weapon he held in his hand. Even a single hair upon the lion appeared not to move. The enemies stood rivetted to the arena, gazing intensely in each other's countenance. All was as still and breathless as the region of death. The spectators were absorbed in the scene before them.—But hark! A tremendous crash! The spectators shout and scream with terror! The uppermost tier of seats a hundred feet high has started! It is safe—all again is silent but the actors upon the arena.—The gaze of Germanicus was removed and directed to the place high above his head whence the crash proceeded.—This was precisely what the lion desired. The charm was broken, and the fierce animal sprung for his antagonist. Germanicus is ready—he stepped suddenly aside, and the lion alighted upon the spot he occupied, but with such a terrible rush and blow of his paw, that he scattered the sand and gravel across the arena, and stumbled to the ground. In this position his adversary aimed a blow at his head, which missed, and entered his neck. The wounded animal sprung upon his feet

and excited to a desperate rage by pain, rushed with impetuosity upon his foe, who stood with upraised weapon ready for his advance. The moment he came within reach Germanicus brought down his knife with such irresistible force upon his head that it clove it asunder from ear to ear. He withdrew his weapon from the animal's skull, turned to the keepers and signified that he was prepared for another. A royal tiger was now let loose. He leaped into the arena, but did not appear disposed to attack his waiting adversary. He surveyed the spectators, then Germanicus, growled fiercely, and retreated for his den, which however, had previously been secured against his entrance. He stood now as if bewildered—a piece of bloody meat was thrown him, and he swallowed it in an instant. This was sufficient bait. He sprung out from his lurking place with a terrible yell—crouched to the ground—curved his length necessary for a spring—lashed the ground with his dilated tail—shot fire from his eyes, growled, and darted forward like lightning upon his prey. But his foe was too active even for so ferocious an onset. He stepped aside as before, and as the animal shot by, he plunged his pointed weapon into the left side, just behind his heart. The animal turned and attacked him fiercer than before. Germanicus had not time to elevate his knife sufficiently high to give it the necessary impetus; but extending it before him with a firm grasp, he received the wounded tiger upon its point directly under the throat, entering full length into the body, and leaving the handle alone conspicuous. At this critical moment the blood-thirsty Governor made

signal for the other tiger which was confined in the cage with the one now in the arena. The wounded animal, however, sprung from the ground, and although the blood was gushing in a torrent from his body, made another tremendous advance. Germanicus had been thrown to the earth by the encounter, and was not upon his feet when the furious brute rushed upon him. He partially eluded him. His left arm was extended within the tiger's reach, and he tore it from his shoulder with a single blow. This was his last effort, and he dropped dead without a groan. Germanicus was now risen, and seemed not to have noticed the loss of his arm. By this time the other tiger was within a few paces from him, and advanced without making the ceremony which his comrade performed; and the moment he was near enough, his unconquerable adversary swung his ponderous weapon with astonishing violence against his head, cleaving it almost from the nose to his neck, and the animal fell dead at his feet. The bravery of the vanquisher extorted involuntary shouts of praise, even from his most deadly enemies; but it was of short duration. "*Let loose the Hyæna!*" commanded the Governor, in a stern and distinct voice—accompanied with "**LET THEM LOOSE! LET THEM LOOSE!**" from a thousand spectators. Accordingly the bars of their cage were raised, and the ferocious beasts ran growling to the field of carnage.—Resistance was impossible. The loss of blood and the dreadful pain were overwhelming, and in attempting to defend himself, he was overpowered and torn to pieces amid the savage triumphs of a people, even more cruel

than the ferocious beasts.—This public martyrdom of Germanicus was far from producing the effect upon the minds of the citizens which they anticipated. His extraordinary courage—his dignified aspect—the superhuman strength and adroitness he seemed to possess, confirmed many in the acknowledgement of his religion. Among these was Alethes. The death of his friend removed every objection to its character, and he embraced it without hesitation. The exasperated nobles now saw that christianity, like a stream, was spreading its floods around them, of which they could only gain the ascendancy by cutting off the source which fed it. To accomplish this, Polycarp was apprehended; and the venerable Bishop perished at the stake when nearly a hundred years of age. These cruelties stimulated the christians to greater energies in the dissemination of their religious opinions; and the Governor was only deterred from his purpose of bloody persecution by command of Aurelius.

When the uncle of Alethes heard that his nephew had embraced a religion, the most obnoxious and despicable in his consideration, his anger was unbounded. He immediately dispatched a messenger commanding him to appear in his presence without delay. When Alethes entered, so violent was the wrath of Superius that, without interrogating him of the unwelcome report, he reproached him in the most bitter and scornful terms, and drove him from his house with blows, accompanied with a threat in a voice of thunder, that he would tear him asunder limb by limb unless he abjured christianity. The parents of Alethes were dead, and he had none whom

he could claim as a relative unless Superius. There was now no alternative but to associate with those whose faith was the same as his own. He was assured that as long as he believed in Christ, he should be an object of contempt to his uncle; and for a moment he could not presume that he ever should deny Him, who was now his only happiness. He felt that he existed in a new world, of which he before had no conception; and although tribulation and death surround him, he could in the presence of his Saviour, who by his crucifixion, tasted death for every man, and was able to give immeasurable grace to his persecuted saints—triumph over all. His constant employment was now the perusal of the manuscript his friend Germanicus bestowed upon him, as a parting gift which was ever by the Romans esteemed and kept as sacred. This was the manuscript which Acillia was reading as she sat at her father's villa, looking out upon the beautiful Mediterranean sea.—In such an occupation as this, in receiving christian instruction from those who were capable to teach, in visiting the sick, comforting the disconsolate, and in the delightful duty of prayer, did Alethes, undisturbed, pass a week without the precincts of his uncle's authority.

At the expiration of this period, the wrath of Superius was somewhat abated, but had lost nothing of its determination to extirpate every christian opinion, if possible from the mind of Alethes. The nephew was now apprehended by public officers, and brought before the Governor, who was decorated in the most gorgeous manner to give a greater effect to his language. There was

upon his countenance a smile of inflexible revenge, as he spoke ; and his whole aspect was that of vain pomp and arrogance. The tall figure of Alethes was majestic and dignified, and would have commanded respect, though he had inherited neither rank or riches.

The Governor now proceeded to remind him of his renowned ancestors—the glory of their achievements—their extensive wisdom—their devotion to their country—their adoration of all its deities, and the laws which required every Roman to worship them. He entreated him to have compassion upon his youth—not to dishonour his ancestry, to perform, as did his illustrious father, such deeds as his country could approve and admire. Rank and wealth he inherited by birth—a glorious name might be his by action :

“I heard that you have renounced the religion of your father—I hope it is not so. I cannot be persuaded that the son of the noble Sorex would prefer the religion of one God to that of many, and a hut to a gorgeous temple !—Speak for yourself, O Alethes ! and tell us that we may know !”

To this declamation Alethes replied, “It is true that I am a christian—I have sacrificed to the deities of Rome—I now worship the Deity of heaven, an omnipresent and omnipotent Being, who sits enthroned where our loftiest thoughts cannot reach Him. He alone created all things which we behold—the land and the sea—the sun and the moon—the stars which spangle the vault of night, and all mankind of every language and every nation. In him alone we live, and by his power alone we

die.—Not one of the creatures which he has made can perish without his knowledge.—He never sleeps.—His eye is upon all things which he has created.

"He claims not the worship of earthly sacrifices,—not the offering of perfumed incense—dwells not in temples where the life and the flesh of herds are spread. He knows all the thoughts of the heart, and accepts the prayer of the just, alike from the hill and the vale, from the dungeon and the palace; and the rich and the poor are the same to him. He has sent his son into the world, who became mortal, and taught us the knowledge of his religion. On him he conferred all the power which he possessed—to kill or to make alive—to walk upon the sea, or to feed a thousand from a few loaves of bread. He died that all might live, and resumed his life after he laid in the grave. He departed into the heavens to his own glorious home, to be our Saviour to the end of time.—To the power of such a Deity I commend my life. I honour him above every form in the universe, and hope to die with his praise in my mouth."

He would have continued his address, but his noble auditory compelled him to desist. Without farther ceremony, he was thrown into prison and confined with criminals of the most abandoned character. In this situation he did not despair. He was prepared to die; and while he lived, in what condition soever, he desired to elevate his fellow creatures from misery, and instruct them in the knowledge of the soul which God had revealed. The wretches around him were his immediate objects of attention. By his mildness, the superiority which education

gave him,—by the novelty of his opinions, the animation and eloquence with which he spoke, he soon gained their attention and confidence.

He had always concealed about his person the manuscript which his friend Germanicus bestowed upon him, in such a manner that it could not easily be discovered.—In his confinement, this was a source of very great happiness to him. He was particularly consoled with that affecting address of our Saviour, in John 15th and 16th chapters—just before his betrayal to the Jews;—and especially with those beautiful words which have so often comforted the persecuted in all countries and in every period since the death of Christ: “In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.”

In a short time he had the joy of seeing those poor wretches about him, who mocked and rejoiced when they saw him enter as a companion, anxious to hear him speak of Christ, repentant for their sins, and praying to the God only capable of hearing them.—Such is the holy character of christianity, that whoever assimilates himself to its principles is converted into the nature of an angel.—If he be reviled, he reviles not again. If he be smitten upon one cheek, he returns the other to his adversary. If his enemy cursed him, he returns him love for hatred, and prays for his prosperity.

In this situation, however, Alethes was not destined long to remain. He soon received his sentence. He was condemned to be banished for life, beyond the confines of the Roman Empire, among the barbarians of the

north; and within a few days after, he was transported through the Hellespont to the Black Sea, where he was deserted to perish among savages, or prolong a wretched life more intollerable than death itself. The Almighty Ruler of the universe, who regards the fall of a sparrow to the ground, as well as the convulsion of an earthquake or the destruction of a world, was not unmindful of the lonely exile upon a barren strand and among an untutored race, whose glory was their freedom, whose ambition was to dwell in the wilds of their own uncultivated country, and who abhorred the Romans and left no opportunity unembraced to gratify their revenge.

Within the heart of Alethes there were every benevolent and exalted virtue that could adorn human nature. His mind with one overmastering effort, was capable of adapting itself to any reverse of fortune.—His figure was tall, and exceedingly well proportioned; and his constitution able to endure immense fatigues and hardships.

He was not easily convinced; but when the light of reason shone upon his mind, he was ever ready to acknowledge it. He had a clear conception of the sublime nature of man, and of the affinity that existed between him and his Creator.—And now, in the lonely deserts of Dacia, to cultivate a love for his fellow creatures—to ameliorate their wretchedness—to show them the pathway to immortal and glorious happiness, was his ambition and his employment.

In this situation, isolated from the society of his friends—from the enjoyments of wealth—from the country of his birth, he passed four years as a servant of the Most

High, healing the diseases of the body and administering to those of the mind. The Romans about this time made war with the Dacians, a vast, and almost unconquerable tribe, defeated and took a great number prisoners, who were sold at Rome as slaves. Among these was Alethes.

He was purchased by Servius Valerius, and removed to his villa upon the Mediterranean. Here he remained during the period described in the second chapter.—He was, when condemned to banishment, according to the custom of the Romans, deprived of his liberty and pronounced no more a citizen, where, and under whatever circumstance he might exist. He supposed this a law of Rome; and when the era of his slavery commenced, he buried all associations of home, of wealth, and of friends, deep in the recesses of his heart. What hope could be left him, an exile and a christian; once a nobleman, now a slave?—What disparity, what reverse of fortune!

He determined to conceal from his master all knowledge of his illustrious birth; but when he made the discovery, that his wife and daughter were those two distinguished ladies from Rome with whom he had been intimately acquainted, it was with a master effort that he refrained from making his misfortunes known.—And during the whole of his slavery he was never, by the family of Valerius, recognised as Alethes, the nephew of Superior of Smyrna. He was now almost transformed into another being. The gaiety of youth was gone—his countenance was wan and grave, and his whole appearance bespoke him a man of sorrow and misfortune.

But from the moment he ascertained that the father of Acillia was indeed no less than the identical Servius Valerius, his master; he indulged the conviction that he should again be free, and regain his rank and possessions. He now gave himself up to the performance of every duty assigned him, and private communion with Heaven; and shortly, according to his presentiment, he was liberated, as has already been related.

CHAPTER V.

Woman has been the same in all countries and in all ages of the world, possessed of the same animated spirits—the same buoyant and intense hopes; and her burning and absorbing desires to be happy, have been indigestible and indestructible with her existence.

It is not distinguished wealth, or the ascension to a throne that augments her amount of happiness. The supreme principle, the key that unlocks a heaven to her soul, is SYMPATHY—a corresponding sentiment—a oneness of thought, feeling, desire.—Although situated in the most exalted spheres of human duty, even antecedent to the time that Deborah governed Israel, a period of more than three thousand years ago, to the present refined age,—in Judea or Egypt, at Palmyra or Babylon; in Italy, Russia, Sweden or Britain, she has governed the State with skill, equal, and often superior to that of

man; has led forth conquering armies—endured excessive fatigues and privations—executed projects of revenge which mortal power could not oppose—has forgiven like an angel, and sympathized with all the springs of the human heart; and could resign the pomp and glory of state for the quiet enjoyments of domestic life.

Man may speak of his sorrows—his spirit may relax its energy and agonize at the misfortunes which beset the pathway of his existence; but his sorrows and misfortunes are twofold more tolerable than those of woman. Confine him to the room of sickness, and let him watch alone by the couch of the afflicted, in the dim light of the lamp through the sleepless hours of night, to administer to every necessity, to discharge a thousand indispensable duties—let him do this for the brother of his heart, the parent of his being, or the wife of his bosom, and even his most refined nature will weary, and his spirit grow impatient of its task, and admit the approach of an irresistible feeling of selfishness, which, though he endeavour to reject, must remain to distinguish his nature in this one instance at least. But woman, placed in the same situation, knows no weariness, acknowledges no recollection of herself. In the solemn stillness of the midnight hour, she sits beside the couch of sickness like a creature sent from the abode of angels—her eye unslumbering—her mind energetic, and dwelling even joyously upon the duties before her—her frame unwearied, and gathering new strength from the high consciousness of the moral obligation which confines her to the room of sickness.

And this is not all—her youth is one of burning

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hopes—she has always been accustomed to find every wish anticipated and every reasonable want gratified by affectionate parents. She lives in the softest sunshine, amid blooming and balmy flowers; and to perfect her bliss, Love comes with his elysian dreams, and she erects a shrine for his ardent worship. All her tastes, all her pleasures, all her desires unite to consecrate it to his divinity. The flame burns upon it like a star of heaven, pure,—radiantly and inextinguishably. She bows the knee—the magic of the flame is upon her heart; and she becomes in existence a creature of another sphere—of glorious light—of beatific fancies.

But to contemplate the figure under its true character, she loves devotedly and with the purest heart. Oh how guileless, how generous, how interested is woman's first and passionate love! She does not consider what the object of her affection *may* be, but what he *shall* be. In his existence she lives, and in his words she confides and is happy. Her spirit wanders over the flowery and receding past, and gathers what is beautiful in poetry and exquisite in romance, to portray the character of her future husband, who, in her esteem, does not possess a fault. And if she admit even a single one, her ardent love ameliorates its asperity, and even annihilates it from his nature. Her imaginative fancy penetrates the future—lifts the veil that shrouds the dim vista of coming years, and sees along its flowery margin her delightful home—some beautiful cottage embosomed in verdant trees. Beside it glides an ever-murmuring stream; and there are the vines and the flowers that she shall nurse with her

own delicate hand—and there will be all that she may desire to perfect her happiness.

And she becomes a wife. She leaves the home of her childhood with a conviction that she exchanges it for a paradise. I would she always realized the hope that animates her spirit. But alas, she often finds that she has been pursuing a shadow, and that the substance which gave it was gross and worthless. He, who a few days ago was all attention and affection, is now neglectful and absorbed in dreams of worldly and momentary gain. His affections may not have become estranged—he may not have been conscious of the overflowing joy of the beautiful being whom he wedded, as she stood before the altar of God.—He did not comprehend the nature of woman. He presumed that the *sine qua non* of all her earthly happiness was splendour—perhaps a modification of her present situation.

She is born with the tenderest heart that is prone to protect our youth, and that is always alive to the distresses of our nature; and perhaps from our misinterpretation of her feelings, or the indifference of our sex to sympathize with them, arise her efforts to conceal them, and the misery which a woman's heart best understands; and which so often absorbs the rose-tints of her cheek and the gladness of her spirit. Day after day the same heart-sickness continues. When she expects to meet her husband's smile, or pleasant word, or be cheered by an hour's interchange of thought, and instead of this, to feel that there is nothing left her but his wealth, or the few hours of his society which he cannot devote to business—

to realize that he loves her not as the best gift that earth can bestow,—is very wretchedness.

On reviewing the past attentions which such a husband bestowed upon her whom he pretended to prefer to all others, it seems obvious that his whole conduct was an affectation to please. His idea of virtue was borrowed, and he assumed her semblance, as her charms always win the heart of woman. It is true, he believed there was a pleasure even in the pursuit of such an object; but when the hour was over in which it became his forever, he extended his anticipations no farther, because they concentrated to that one point,—*possession*.

We must now return to the character of Clodius.—The few days, which he passed with Acillia at her father's villa, previous to the departure of the family of Valerius for Rome, where her marriage with him was to be celebrated,—gave her a greater opportunity to explore it than she had ever before commanded.

It seems to be a fact, established by observation and experience, that every individual is born with a disposition peculiar to himself; yet notwithstanding, the effects of early education upon the mind may thwart the natural developements of character, and draw them into opposite channels, from which they may never recede. Thus it was with Clodius. His mind was not wholly deficient (of the germs at least) of those faculties, whose influence often adorn humanity; and had they been properly educated, the might have displayed themselves in acts of clemency and justice, if nothing more. In early life he lost his mother, who was a relative of *Sextus Valerius*,

and as his father like that of Acillia's, was occupied with the affairs of the Empire, and mostly absent from Rome, he trusted the education of his son solely to his teachers, whom by the recommendation of a friend, or from their being natives of Athens, he happened to employ.

Clodius, like all other boys, had great love for amusements; and if he could manage to be in attendance during part of the hours at least, when recitations and lectures took place, he was satisfied; the remainder of his time he passed at exercises, such as tennis, riding, darting the javelin, running, leaping, and hunting—from which, if he did not acquire intellectual knowledge, he gained greater strength and elasticity of nerve.

In earlier life than customary he was admitted into the army. Had his mind at this age been stored with useful knowledge, and his moral faculties been cultivated, his disposition might have been very different from it was at the period he was about to be united to Acillia. The obstinacy of his country's enemies, the slaughter of the field of battle, and the triumph of the camp, were incessantly presented to his mind, and tended to excite and draw into action those animal propensities, which often render life miserable.

In short, the character of Clodius was now such as could never make so refined, educated and sensitive a creature happy, as Acillia. If he ever were generous, it was to those from whom he expected, or had received favours; if he ever administered justice, it was to those who could demand it; and he never forgave or repented, or relaxed a single purpose to execute his vengeance when an

opportunity occurred, upon these who had offended him. The possession of wealth and military glory formed the height of his ambition; and he endeavoured to accumulate the former, that he might advance the latter, even by fraud, and by the destruction of virtue and innocent life.

On Acillia's part, her marriage with Clodius was a matter of serious consideration. She had contemplated the fabric of her future happiness to be reared upon the foundation of virtuous principles and a refined education; and now saw that if her destiny were linked with that of Clodius, she should have all her ideas of a wretched wife realized; and she determined to resist and annul all claims that he had to her hand.

She made known her feelings on this subject to her parents, and represented to them in glowing language, what she considered was the true character of Clodius Corrinnius. Her father, who had ever been ready to gratify the wishes of his daughter, replied that it was for the honor and fortunes of the families that her marriage with Clodius had been contemplated; and that there existed a sacred obligation between himself and the father of Clodius that it should be fulfilled; and if he was the cause why it should not, such an important affair must greatly redound to his dishonour.

He indeed was aware that the family of Clodius were ambitious; but he had not observed that in himself, which was so disagreeable as Acillia represented. He, like all other young men, might possess faults; but time would show him their true nature, and he would doubtless abandon them, and arise to distinction in the cause of his coun-

try.—He could not, for his part, look upon Clodius in the same manner as she did, and hoped her suspicions were altogether improbable.

To this reply of her father, Acillia listened with eagerness as on every other occasion; but told him if he were in any degree interested in her happiness, never force her marriage with Clodius Corrinus; and that for her part, before such an event should occur, she would rather forfeit his affection and be expelled from his house, or stain a dagger's edge with the blood of her heart!

Woman has a quick and penetrating eye, and what is learned by our sex from a routine of observations, with her is nothing more than intuition. Her tastes are natural and not acquired, and she forms her opinions of the world from a principle within. Man may speculate upon silver and gold, but the business of woman is with the affections. He may suggest and present to her notice a thousand objects, but it is her prerogative to choose or reject.

The case was with Acillia, she was resolved to become a christian. It is true, that the conduct of Alethes might have been somewhat incentive to this measure; but nevertheless, it was concealed from her friends, if not from every other individual. Her mind was sufficiently discriminating to distinguish the important dissimilitude between the mythology of a Roman, and the theology of a christian; and she was well aware, from what she had seen of Clodius, how he would receive the intelligence of her conversion to christianity. So favourable a time as the present, when its followers enjoyed a rest from persecution in Rome, if not throughout the Empire, notwith-

standing the edict of Aurelius to that effect, she determined to embrace; but one objection only remained, which was, that if she espoused the religion of Alethes while he was in the family, and before Clodius perfectly understood her feelings towards him and a final separation ensued, it might be said that it was on account of her partiality towards Alethes; and might cause him to be an object of greater hatred and revenge from Clodius.—To prevent this, she concealed her intentions from every one until this should occur.

Autumn had now spread his influence over the sunny hills and valleys of Italy; and the time approached for the departure of the family of Servius for Rome, where they always passed the winter season, and where it had been designed that the marriage of Clodius and Acillia should be celebrated.

The hour came, and the family commenced their journey in almost a northern direction; and therefore they entered Rome without crossing the Tiber, by the Via Appia, which led to the foot of the Palatium. Here, wherever they might turn their attention, scenes of extraordinary beauty and magnificence were presented. But those who formed the immediate family of Servius Valerius manifested no uncommon interest in them. Perhaps they had contemplated them a thousand times; and the most delightful prospects, and the sublimest works of nature and art, cease to interest the spectator who has long been accustomed to look upon them.

But it was not so with Alethes. He had indeed been in Rome before, and had seen something of her splendor,

the fame of which had extended to the most remote habitations of men; but he was then a slave, and in chains and journeying to a market to be publicly sold like a beast. Notwithstanding this most despairing situation, when he ascended the heights of the Janiculum, and the home of his father's infancy burst upon his view, all the susceptibilities of his soul returned. From this conspicuous station he beheld the temples, domes, and porticos of the mistress of the world; and also the famous columns of Trojan and Antoninus; the former one hundred and twenty-four feet high, composed of twenty-four pieces of exquisite marble, and united in so curious a manner as concealed the joints from the scrutiny of the beholder. It was twelve feet in diameter at the base, and ten at the top, to which was an ascent by means of one hundred and eighty-five steps, made within the pillar. On the outside were represented the exploits of him whom it commemorated in Dacia, and the extraordinary bridge which he built over the Danube to facilitate his wars with that unconquerable nation; and perhaps the most magnificent ever erected in the world, the ruins of which still remain, and afford a sublime specimen of ancient architecture. On the top of this column stood his statue, holding in the left hand a sceptre, and in the right a globe, in which were deposited his own ashes. The pillar of Antoninus was sixteen feet higher, made in imitation of the other, and erected by Marcus Aurelius, his adopted son. It still remains entire, I believe, notwithstanding the destruction of most of the public buildings by the barbarians and modern inhabitants.

It has already been said that the father of Alethes was a Roman :—from him his son imbibed a deep passion for the arts, which he always loved to cultivate. He had executed a picture while at the villa of Servius, which, though he did not highly esteem, gained the approbation of the brother of Acillia ; and perhaps tended to advance him from the more laborious employment of the slaves. From his father too, as well as from her historians, and those whom he knew to have travelled in Italy, he acquired a knowledge of the grandeur of her temples and palaces, her costly monuments and baths. He now anxiously desired to examine those stupendous works of art which had captivated his youth. A few days after his arrival in the city he made a visit to the Capitol, the first public building which he met worthy of attention as he passed along the Appian way—except the celebrated Circus Maximus. This stupendous building was situated at the foot of the Palatium, on the northern side of the Via Appia. It formed nearly an oval figure, whose length was two thousand one hundred and eighty feet, and seven hundred and thirty wide ; and is said by Pliny to have accommodated two hundred and fifty thousand persons. It was in this celebrated circus that Pompey, nearly two hundred and fifty years before, displayed for the sport of the people, five hundred lions and eighteen elephants, which were all destroyed during the short period of five days.

The Capitol was situated upon the Mount Capitolinus. It was a square building, each side of which was two hundred feet in length. From the earliest period of its

history it had been a sanctuary and a fortress. Romulus made this his home, even before he had attempted any embellishment of the city. Here stood his straw-roofed palace beside the temple of Jupiter Feretrius, almost seven hundred years, dear in the eyes of every Roman; and would have remained until the fall of the Empire, perhaps, had it not been consumed in the conflagration arising from the civil war between Marius and Sylla.

Within the walls of this spacious and splendid edifice, was contained that gorgeous temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, the boast of Rome as the rival of any in the world. Here, with Minerva on his right hand and Juno on his left, was seated beneath a canopy of gold and purple cloth adorned with jewels, the guardian of the Empire upon a throne of purest gold, grasping the lightning in one hand and the sceptre of the universe in the other; while the eagle, his armour bearer, was perching at his feet. Here, in his august presence, was nothing exhibited but the wisdom of art and the plunder of the world. Hither, in his presence, by a hundred steps of white marble supported by a hundred pillars of the same, assembled victorious generals, to present to the Tarpeian deity their vanquished monarchs, and in his temple to suspend their spoils; and to his majesty to offer their hecatombs of sacrifice. And here, under the immediate notice and protection of Jupiter, whenever danger was about to threaten the Empire, had the magistrates a thousand times convened to deliberate upon the measures to be adopted. And here, before the deity, were the laws of Rome read and proclaimed; and here were deposited the public archives and

the most valuable records of her history,—which, however, were destroyed by fire during the contest between Vitellius and Vespasian, forty years after the death of our Saviour. Vespasian built it, however, immediately after this destruction; but it was again consumed, and again rebuilt with greater splendor than ever before, by Domitian.

The entrance to the Capitol on the north side, was under an immense triumphal arch, which was the commencement of the *Via Sacra*, extending hence to the Palatium. The gates of the Capitol were of brass, and were four in number. Beside the splendid temples and statues, and curious and multitudinous carvings and pictures of enormous expence, the gilding of the Capitol alone cost two millions of pounds.

The next and nearest place of renown to which Alethes directed his steps, after having explored the Capitol, was the plain, or rather the valley at the foot of the Capitolinus, and between that hill and the Palatium. Here was situated the Forum. This was a large oblong building, early a scene in the eras of the greatness of Rome, of unparalleled magnificence and glory. It was lined along on both sides by gorgeous piazzas and fanes, richly sculptured statues and lofty monuments. Here congregated the warlike and magnanimous Romans to exercise their eloquence, to exhibit their sovereign power, and to decide the fates of heroes, of kings, and of nations. Here, under the concave marble roofs of the Basilica, and surrounded with painted walls, did Marcus Tullius Cicero in his first Oration against Cataline, turn his hands and eyes towards the Capitol and address Jupiter in a noble and passionate

strain of eloquence; and here in the same place, afterwards, when he had defeated that enemy of the commonwealth, he was hailed *Pater Patriæ* by the unanimous voice of his countrymen. And here, too, stood Manlius Capitolinus five hundred years before, when under sentence of death to be thrown from the Tarpeian Rock, the north-eastern brow of the mountain. Here he stood before his judges and extended his arm towards the Capitol which he had once preserved from the rapacity of the Gauls, and diverted their attention for a time from the subject of his death. Here, too, in the same place, stood Caius Gracchus as he melted the hearts of the senators, when he asked them with an emphasis of despair, whether he could expect to find that place a refuge, which was once deluged with his brother's blood. And here, neither last nor least, was brought Scipio Africanus a criminal, being accused by an envious party, who instead of answering to the charges laid against him, told the people to arise and go with him to the temple of Jupiter, to present their grateful thanks and their sacrifices for his glorious conquest over Hannibal and the Carthaginians, which preserved the Empire and their invaluable liberties. And here, too, in the Forum, was a Hall leading from the Rostra, beautified with images and costly pictures, and accommodated with marble seats and elastic couches, assembled Virgil and Horace to charm their noble audience by reciting their immortal poems.

The scenes of magnificence and grandeur which absorbed the mind of Alethes to-day, excited in it also when he left them, the deepest meditations. The interest which

he felt in them was created partly from the circumstance of his father having trod the same marble floors which he had, and there had admired the eloquence of his countrymen, and there received honours from the hands of Aurelius; and partly because he possessed an innate love for the works of art which he had beheld. His meditations gave wings to the hours, and they flew away with a rapidity which he did not suspect. He left the palace of Servius Valerius at noon; the sun was now setting on the seven hills of Rome before he thought of his return. This might almost be said to be the first sunset he had seen upon the city. It was indeed the first he had *felt*.

The palace of Servius Valerius was situated at the foot of the Aventina, on the south-western side; and was almost lost amid a growth of willow, poplar and elm trees. A little to the west rolled the Tiber; and this, with his beautiful valley, and the barren hill of Aventina, completed the prospect.--We have already observed that the sun was withdrawing his light from the world. His farewell beams were upon the hills of Rome; and the many temples and porticos of the Capitol, with their burnished roofs, appeared like sheets of melted gold. A flood of dim purple light filled the heavens, and the grey of evening was spread over the earth. As Alethes looked upon the scene which was presented to his eye, a feeling of sadness came over him, and his mind turned to the days of his childhood; and for a while he gave himself up to a meditation, which that period of our lives naturally inspires. He thought of his own home—his early friends, his mother's smile ever accompanied with a kind word—

his father's affection—his uncle's cruelty—his banishment—his slavery—his freedom, and the scenes of misfortune through which he yet possibly might pass. It is true, he had hope in God, and in Him was his only hold of refuge. But at times, from the peculiar circumstances which surround the mind; or from its own particular organization, religion's holy influence may be exerted in vain for a while to comfort and to vivify it with hope. It was so with Alethes: autumn, the saddest period of the year, was about him with all his marks of decay; and now he was calling up his past hours in thoughtful review.—There is at this season of the year as we feel the beautiful light and the pleasant breezes of summer have withdrawn, and the purple light and sighing winds of autumn have succeeded them,—a sweet, a gentle, a soothing, although a melancholy influence pervading our very being, which we should appreciate as a mutation of nature, and which Heaven had affected to win our love from the grosser things of mortality. It is now that the human heart involuntarily yields itself, like a mighty instrument, to some spirit-hand, and sends its music and its echoes through all the recesses of our being. Wherever now we turn our eyes, they are met by fading objects. A few weeks ago and summer was abroad with her music and her flowers, her joyful life and her sunny skies. Here in the garden sprung the pink, the rose and the polyanthus; there grew the clematis, the dahlia and the geranium; and yonder arose the myrtle, the orange and the apple. The very stones beneath our feet assumed a vegetable hue; the valleys were like gardens, and the

hills with bloom were clothed to their highest tops. The pearly sky bended far and wide, and seemed like a universe of beauty, robed in light and unfolding its mingled hues ; while beneath, the tranquil water reflected it upon its glossy bosom. Every gale was fragrant, and the pure wave that it awoke died away upon the sunny shore. Far and wide stretched the waters of lake and sea, which we loved to look upon hour after hour, as they slept ; or as the zephyr sighed pensively, or the wind swept over them, awaking wave after wave, that pursued each other in beauty onward and onward till they passed away leaving no trace behind.

Forms of beauty and loveliness decked the earth and delighted our hearts. The bright and glorious sun showered gently but steadily down his burning rays. Green valley, waving field, woody hill, barren mountain ; silver rivulet, majestic river, boundless sea, and transparent lake, reflected back his quickning effulgence. And his declining beams cast down effusions of purple and violet light ; and hill, mountain and forest, were tinged with his gold.

Twilight spread her veil over the world and prepared it for holier meditations. Then the spirit-stirring language of heaven fell upon our hearts ; and we felt that the forms of our departed friends were around us, to tell us of the unseen world, and to invite us away from the grossness of earth, to a being of higher conceptions, holier aspirations.

At this hour, too, retrospection strewed the pathway of the dim past with a thousand images, and presented us with a picture of our earlier anticipations and rainbow

hopes. Our souls were melted within us; and we felt that the Spirit of Nature was abroad, breathing an intensity of being into our hearts, and shedding down glory from his wings.

These were the rosy hours of summer.—They have now passed away, renewing the conviction that the pleasures of life are uncertain and transitory as the beauty of the summer-cloud.

And now the footsteps of autumn are around us.—Slowly and sadly he comes like the spirit of mourning from starless worlds. The beautiful verdure has disappeared from the field. The songs of a thousand birds are no more heard; and the forest is desolate. The halcyon serenity of nature penetrates the inmost soul, and infuses into it a spirit of hallowed poetry.—Who can say that it is not so? And who will own that autumn has no influence over his mind? For my part, I cannot now go forth into the tangled woods and gaze upon their fading loveliness without feelings of melancholy at the grandeur and solemnity that pervades them. The leaves that once adorned their boughs are now yellow and strew the ground like a crimson carpet beneath a crimson canopy above.

And the river flows on slower and more solemnly; and the pensive voice of the rill, chimes with the melancholy murmurs that fill the gale.

As we meditate upon these fading objects—this dissolution which surrounds our path, we almost persuade ourselves that it is the vicissitude of nature, the decay of all that is lovely on earth. But no—even under such convictions hope brightens upon our desponding hearts, and

we anticipate another spring of renewed verdure and life; and if we look beyond the grave, we have a full assurance of immortal bloom, upon which the sun of heaven shall never set, diffusing forever eternal lustre and eternal life.

His mind filled with meditations like these, Alethes proceeded slowly on by the bank of the Tiber, and had left the Sublician Bridge about half an hour, when coming to a cluster of trees his ear caught the sound of music, which had just then commenced. He advanced towards the bank, and in the dim twilight descried a boat at a distance, and perceived that the music proceeded from it. He soon distinguished it to be the following ode from Horace, and one of which he had always been fond :

Rectius, vives, Licini, neque altum
Semper urgendo, neque dum procellas
Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo

Littus iniquum.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti ; caret invidenda

Sobrius aula.

Sæpius ventis agitur ingens
Pinus ; et celsæ graviore casu
Decidunt turres, feriuntque summos

Fulmina montes.

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis
Alteram sortem bene præparatum
Pectus. Informes hyemes reducit

Jupiter : idem

Summovet : non, si male nunc, et olim
Sic erit. Quondam cithara tacentem
Suscitat Musam ; neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo.

Rebus angustis animosus atque
 Fortis appare : sapienter idem
 Contrahes vento nimium secundo
 Turgida vela.

TRANSLATION :

Licinius ! would'st thou wisely live,
 Not always to the ocean give,
 Thy wearied bark ; nor yet, in fear
 Of the loud tempest, draw too near
 The shallows of the treacherous shore ;
 But go, the golden course explore,
 And shun the evil that pursues
 Sad poverty's contracted views.
 The lofty pine tree raised on high,
 The driving winds more rudely feels ;
 And the proud tower that seeks the sky,
 But with a mightier ruin reels.
 The lightnings strike the mountains' height,
 While safe retires the lowly vale ;
 So wait when fate and fortune fight,
 And calmly hope the pleasant gale.
 For thus prepared thy heart shall be,
 Itself prepared for destiny ;
 For Love supreme, on men below,
 Oft bids the deadly tempest blow ;
 Then check its wrath, for adverse fate,
 Doth not forever on us wait.
 Around us oft shall music wake,
 Nor yet his bow shall Cupid break.
 Then rise, with ev'ry hope elate,
 Nor fear the frowns of angry fate ;
 And when the too successful gale,
 Shall blow, contract thy swelling sail !

As Alethes listened to this beautiful song wafted over the water in delightful music, he fancied that it proceeded from a familiar voice, which he had heard pour it forth a hundred times in the richest melody ; and conceived the minstrel to be none other than the brother of Acillia. He stood for a few moments in suspense, and while in this situation, he thought that he heard a footstep behind him. He turned around, and beheld the tall figure of a man, muffled in a cloak and masked, but two or three paces from him, with a drawn sword in his hand, uplifted, and in the attitude of striking. The feelings of Alethes at meeting so unexpected a personage and himself wholly unarmed, for a moment almost overcame him. He, however, instantly recovered his usual self-possession, retreated a step or two, and demanded of the robber (for such he conceived him to be), what he desired. Without making any reply, as soon as Alethes spoke, his enemy rushed forward ; and Alethes scarcely saved himself by flight. The robber pursued, and Alethes directed his course for the river. This was the only mode of safety that occurred to him. He knew that he was almost unrivalled in the art of swimming, and deemed it a matter of no difficulty whatever, to cross the Tiber encumbered as he was with his toga and sandals. In a moment, he found himself on the shore, and perceived that his enemy had almost overtaken him, and that there was no possibility of escape as he had anticipated. A thought flashed like lightning upon his mind. He stooped down for a stone, and accidentally placed his hand upon a broken ear, which he grasped ; and hurling suddenly around,

brought it with an irresistible force upon the head of his antagonist. The contusion felled him to the ground, and he lay senseless.

In the confusion of the moment, Alethes wrested his sword from his hand, and retreated along the shore in the direction which he supposed the boat took, from which he heard the music. After turning a small point, he heard the voices of persons from her—hailed them—made know his situation—and was received on board. All this happened within the space of five minutes. To the extreme satisfaction of Alethes, he found that the master of the boat was indeed, as he had anticipated, Publius, the brother of Acillia. He had been on business for two or three months at a town called Cortona, situated upon the Tiber, about one hundred and thirty miles from its mouth.

The joy of Publius may be easily imagined, when Alethes related his escape from an unknown assassin, and presented his sword. Publius had learned by a letter from his father of the emancipation of Alethes, and of the manner in which it transpired. In the boat with them, was a young man from Ephesus, who had been a scholar with Alethes, and also his particular friend. This meeting of Orontes, the name of the young man, and Alethes, afforded each other a joy indescribable; and Publius seemed to participate of it with an interest equal to either.

Orontes heard of the banishment of Alethes soon after it happened; and informed him that his uncle Superius was now dead; and that his own property, at his banishment, was conceded to his uncle; and that at the death of

Superius, there being no heir to his possessions, the whole was appropriated to the benefit of the city. This was no sad news to Alethes. The death of his uncle, however, he truly regretted, and more so, that the glorious light of revealed religion had never dawned upon his mind. He expected, however, as a matter of law, that when he was deprived of his citizenship, his property would be confiscated—but it was a matter of the same moment to him. He entertained no doubt of his citizenship being restored; but it rested with the Emperor whether he should be re-instated in his former possessions.

Orontes was of a good family and was educated in the most superior manner. He had passed a year at Ravenna where some of his family resided; and thence he went to Cortona, where he was met by, and became acquainted with, Publius, who invited him to Rome.

CHAPTER VI.

The party had now arrived at the palace of Servius Valerius. After the salutations, usual at such a meeting, were over, the sword was exhibited. It was suspected to be that of a military tribune. On a closer examination, there was discovered upon the end of the hilt, engraved within a very small circumference, the name "*Clodius Corrinnius*!"—It would be beyond the bounds of possibility to describe the astonishment and horror which ensued this discovery.

Clodius had breakfasted with Alethes in the morning at the table of Servius, and manifested no indications of malevolence towards him; and discoursed with his usual freedom upon topics of conversation. About noon, Alethes left the palace for a visit to the Capitol and other public buildings, as has already been detailed. Soon after this, Clodius requested a chariot to convey him to the baths of Titus. On his arrival, he ordered it to return; and nothing farther of him was known for the day. His return, as well as that of Alethes, had been hourly expected, as the time for supper was now at hand.

All attention was now absorbed in the subject of the escape of Alethes; and enquiries were made to the following effect:—"Did Clodius ever manifest any animosity towards you, Alethes?" "Not lately, as I have known."—"Yes, often—very often," replied Acillia. "To me, (she continued), he has spoken a thousand times, and in the most bitter and reproachful language against him." "After his rescue from drowning?"—"Even so." "It cannot be," exclaimed Servius, "that he has meditated revenge upon Alethes. I have never observed anything in his conduct that would justify a severe opinion from me."—"Neither will I judge him," said Alethes; "but here is his sword." "It is true," replied Servius, "here is his sword. But he may have had it stolen; or it may have come into the hands of another a hundred ways, with and without, his knowledge." "And what could induce any one to take my life here, and where I am a stranger?" asked Alethes, accompanied with "true! true!" from half a dozen voices—"Dark suspicious

"must rest upon some one," said Publius. "Well," answered Servius, "we can but let the matter rest as it is to-night. Let us be grateful that the life of Alethes was not taken. We shall know farther about the affair when Clodius returns. He certainly will soon arrive."

The hour for supper came, yet Clodius did not appear. Hour after hour passed away; and finally the night, without his return, or any tidings from him. On the morning as soon as practicable, Servius ordered his chariot to be made ready; and accompanied with Publius, Alethes and Orontes, he departed for the palace of Aurelius. He had represented, the day previous, the case of Alethes to the Emperor, and it was his design now to present him personally; and also ascertain if possible, what had detained Clodius.

When the ceremony of an introduction was over, Aurelius turned to Alethes, and enquired if he was, as he had been informed, the son of Sorex, Prætor of Smyrna. When Alethes assured him of this, and observed that there was a young man now in Rome, who had been acquainted with him from childhood, Aurelius next interrogated him of his banishment; of the manner in which he became a slave; why he did not reveal to Servius Valerius that he was a nobleman, and had been acquainted with his family at Smyrna. To all these questions, as well as to many others, Alethes gave satisfactory answers, and left no doubt upon the mind of Aurelius but that he was the son of Sorex, the first Prætor whom he created in any of the eastern provinces. He was then assured that all his former fortune should immediately be

reimbursed; and in addition to this, he should become heir to the whole of his uncle's possessions. And furthermore, he would order, upon the following day, that the documents which would entitle him as an heir, and would insure a recovery of his citizenship at Smyrna, should be drawn, and should receive his sanction and seal. This was accordingly done; and Alethes once again felt that he was elevated to his former rank and dignity. Although this transition was one from dependence upon the bounty of his friends, to a state of affluence and honour, he did not hail it with that rapture which some of my readers might anticipate. His mind had long been disciplined in the rough school of adversity; and he felt assured that if he should regain his wealth, he would live as become an intellectual creature, whose destiny is as uncertain as the winds of heaven, and who knows not what even the morrow has in store; and that he would of the most part of what was termed riches, consecrate to Him who had so wonderfully preserved him in adversity.

While Publius and Orontes were passing through the Via Flaminia, leading from the northern or Flaminian gate to the Capitoline hill, he was accosted by a person whom he recognized as an old and valued friend. They had not seen each other for four or five years. The friend of Publius had been abroad for the most part of the time, but during two or three months past, he had returned to Rome and established himself as a physician.

After a conversation, natural upon the meeting of friends who had long been separated, Publius was asked by his friend if he had heard of the attempt to assassinate a noble-

man upon the evening before. "No," answered Publius. "I was called," his friend observed, "last night to dress the wounds of a gentleman. On arriving at his residence, I found his skull severely fractured just above his temple, and the left eye wholly ruined." "Fractured?—with a battle-axe I suppose." "No—the nobleman says not. It appeared that he had gone to the Janiculum, where he remained till twilight. And just before he crossed the Tiber, while passing through the Fabrician Grove, he was assailed by a ruffian, dressed in a coarse toga, masked, and supporting a long knotty club. The robber demanded his gold, and he grasped his sword to defend himself; but before he had sufficient time to unsheathe it, he received a dreadful blow that brought him insensibly to the ground. Here he lay sometime; and upon recovering his consciousness, he discovered that he was robbed of several pieces of silver and gold, all his rings and sword. He arose, and after proceeding a short distance, was overtaken by a chariot which conveyed him to the Flacci Diversorium, where I found him, and where he still remains.—But, if possible, he intends to leave the city to-morrow."—"Leave the city!" exclaimed Publius and Orontes at once. "For what place?"—"Tarquina. His own chariot is in Rome, and he will be sufficiently recovered to go thither."—"Lost his sword," ejaculated Publius, half unconscious of what he said.—"And what is his name," he continued. "I learned that it was Corrinnius Tarquinæ. This Flaccus told me, and observed that he belonged to the army."—"Corrinnius Tarquinæ!" exclaimed Publius. "And did you not know him?"—

"I think I never before saw him." "If it is Clodius Corrinnius Tarquinæ, you have, for he was a school-fellow with us both, when we were instructed by Justinus, the philosopher." "But it cannot be the same, he is so tall and stout."—"True! but he has done little less for the last four years beside exercising."—"It may be the same, I have not yet seen him this morning. If possible I will ascertain."—"I must, and *will* ascertain," emphasised Publius, casting a significant look at Orontes. "He has a private apartment, I presume."—"Certainly; and gave orders last evening, for no one whatever, without his permission, to be admitted." "I shall see him and others with me, before he leaves Rome. It is no less than Clodius Corrinnius Tarquinæ, whom I well know. I heard of his misfortune last night, and had I known that he was at the Flacci Diversorium, I should have seen him long before this hour." "I go immediately to call upon him."—"You do? We then will accompany," said Publius; and accordingly the three individuals proceeded towards the Inn. On arriving, the physician sent a servant to acquaint his patient that he was waiting to be received. "Admit him," was the reply. The physician entered; and after enquiring for his health, and asking a few indispensable questions, he observed that there was a gentleman waiting to see him. "Who?" enquired the patient. "Publius Valerii."—"Publius Valerii!" echoed the patient, confounded at the pronunciation of the name. "What does he desire?—How did he know I was here?" "I met him but a few moments ago, and told him of your misfortune. He said, however, that he had already heard

of it, and wished to see you." "He must go without seeing me. I cannot see any one to-day beside yourself. *Not even my father*—I have more business than I can despatch before I leave the city. You have not forgotten that it is my intention to leave Rome to-morrow? My wounds will permit that necessity.—Examine them. My eye is not so bad as you anticipated. It is not at all painful. I am not inclined to think I shall loose it after all. And my head—that is attacked with little or no pain; so little, that I can very comfortably walk, and even write. So you see, I shall be able to ride to-morrow, if not in my chariot, quite conveniently on horse. If you dress my wounds now, and again in the morning, I think I shall not need any more medical aid, till I reach Tarquina—I think I told you I was going thither. Stop though a moment, before you proceed, I will give orders to the servant that I shall not see any person to-day.

The physcian now proceeded to examine the wounds of his patient. He found them in a much better condition than he had presumed. The eye, upon the last evening was very much swollen—it had now the apperance of being a very little so. It was injured in no other manner than from the blow which the frontal bone sustained. This had received a severe shock; but was far from being so bad as was supposed.

After dressing the wounds, and passing a few minutes in conversation with his patient, the physician left him; and on going into the street-hall, he found that Publius and Orontes had not yet departed. When Publius heard that Clodius would not permit himself to be seen, even by

him, he felt convinced that the attempt at assassination upon the life of Alethes, was evidently made by Clodius; and determined that he should answer for so ungrateful a return of the exertion of Alethes to save his life.—“What strange conduct is this?” he thought to himself. “He came to Rome to be married—dined yesterday at my father’s, and left the palace in as good spirits as usual, to all appearance—has since been in Rome, and has sent no message to explain his absence—leaves the city to-morrow, and without permitting his friends, even *me*, to see him! Why, he has an important cause with Verus to come before the Senate upon the fourth day, the day after to-morrow. All this conduct is very mysterious, and certainly very suspicious. The times of assassination and conspiracy are past. My uncle, Aurelius, will not suffer the innocent, when assailed, to go unrequited and unprotected. The Senate opened yesterday: to-morrow it can try any criminal case, or even to-day, if necessary. But there is the præfect—Clodius Corrinnius shall not leave Rome without explaining his extraordinary conduct.—*He shall be apprehended!*” Absorbed in such reflections as these, Publius was seated with his sagum, or military cloak, wrapped about him and looking steadfastly on the ground; and was unconscious of the presence of his friend till he had twice or thrice spoken to him.

A thought suggested itself to the mind of Publius, that it might be necessary to ascertain the residence of the physician of Clodius; and he had waited only to accomplish this, which being effected, he took leave of his

friend, and proceeded in company with Orontes towards the palace of his uncle. Here he met Alethes and his father; and after acquainting his uncle of the business which he was deputed to transact at Cortona, he revealed to his father all that he had learned of his friend respecting Clodius.

The character of Servius Valerius may be easily sketched. He was a man of unflinching rectitude of conduct. The prosperity of Rome was the *summum bonum* of his existence. If laws were enacted, or measures adopted for the good of his country, he was one of the first to execute and pursue them. He was irreproachable of neglect of duty, in any one instance, during his military career; and had discharged his responsibilities with the highest honours. Every obligation which devolved upon him, he endeavoured to fulfil at the hazard of his fortune, his life, or the happiness of his family. Yet the honours of his family were ever dear to his heart; and in all his relations to them, he was kind, affectionate and noble; and any attention to them from his friends he never forgot, and never failed to reciprocate if an opportunity occurred.

Publius differed in some respects from his father, and copied him in others. Like his father, he had the warmest heart, was munificent to the destitute, and had the liveliest sense of gratitude and honour; but was precipitate in action, and inexorable to offence, and differed from Servius in these respects only.

When Servius Valerius heard the manner in which Clodius was wounded, as related by his physician, and of

his refusing an interview with Publius, he began to fear that there *were* some grounds for suspicion. The whole affair was full of mystery to him.—“What,” he asked, “could Clodius Corrinnius have against you? Alethes. You have never offended him to my knowledge.”—“Never, I hope,” answered Alethes. “But,” he continued, “I am a *christian*. Clodius professes to be my enemy in this respect.” “Yes,” replied Servius, “he most implicitly adheres to all the ceremonies of our religion. But while christianity does not effect the happiness of any citizen of Rome, it is protected; and your conduct and rank, Alethes, entitle you to the same distinction with Clodius Corrinnius.”

But what most perplexed Servius, was, the refusal of Clodius of an interview with Publius, who had ever manifested a profound interest in his prosperity; especially as he was wounded, and in the manner as communicated by his physician. And furthermore, he was, within a day or two, to have an important trial with Verus. He could not go to Tarquina, a distance of twenty leagues or more, and return, before it commenced. As soon as this was over, he had proposed to celebrate his marriage. Really, he could not comprehend such behaviour.

While Servius Valerius was pondering over these difficulties, and discussing their merits with Publius and Alethes, a slave requested to speak to him. He was admitted, and handed Servius the following letter, which he opened and read:

“TO SERVIVS VALERIVS:—I quit Rome immediately. My motives for doing so, can, to any liberal mind, be sa-

tisfactorily explained. I was received, after my long absence from your house, by yourself and family with cordiality. But I soon discovered that I did not possess the affections of her, to whom I have long been affianced.—Why was not I married long before this period? You yourself well know how I have borne forward the eagle of Rome for three years in Africa, without once, during that time, seeing my native country.

“The affections of your daughter are given to another—to an exile, a buffoon, a mendicant! Would you have your daughter, who has ever been instructed to revere and worship the divinities of Rome, connected with one who abhors them, and who would even seduce her to commit the same impiety?—Marry her then to Alethes, your freedman! He has neither sense to discern, nor soul to admire the splendour with which Rome, the mistress of the world, is crowned. But, Servius Valerius, why should I tell you that your daughter is already a christian?—How can you doubt this, if you have your senses? No longer ago than the morning of yesterday, while passing the door of your ante-room to my apartment, I heard your daughter and your freedman in close conversation. I listened, as a wise man should, and behold he was expounding his absurdities to Acillia, who acknowledged them in terms of the greatest complacency! She knew your religious opinions, and understood mine; and does such conduct evince fidelity to me, or reverence to yourself?—Are you astonished?—So am I! *I*, that you have not sufficient discernment to discover that your daughter loves a fool; and *you*, that I should thus plainly tell you the truth!

"You are of one of the noblest families of Rome ; and so am I. For this reason you early provided for your daughter's marriage with the son of my father. Have I not arguments to dissolve this precious contract ? Bridle your anger like a philosopher, as you have done, or Rome shall hear them uttered in her Forum with an eloquent tongue ! Solace yourself, Sir, with the glory of taking the crown from the brow of Thesbites, the enemy of our country ! *I shall never ask the hand of your daughter in marriage ! My honour would be contaminated by such an impious step !*—What redress will you then demand, O Servius Valerius ? Half a thousand talents of gold,* the worth of my father's estate at Tarquina ? This would make you a throne, which might rival that of Jupiter Capitolinus !

"I am a soldier ; and you have educated your son to the profession of arms. If you should hereafter think that I have cast a shadow upon the dignity of your family, the brightness of the sword of Publius might erase it. Clad your son as a knight of Rome, and let him appear at the circus of Nero. It is without the walls of the city. I will expose myself to his vengeance, equally armed as himself. But you will not do this. You know too well how bravely I have fought at your side. You will excuse yourself from this, by saying that it is below

* A talent of gold weighs about fifty-seven pounds. The value of an estate of a wealthy citizen of Rome, was almost incredible. The property of Seneca, the philosopher, was valued at two millions, four hundred, and twenty thousand pounds sterling !

your dignity. True! your dignity is so much more exalted than that of the son of the Emperor of Rome! Do not forget how Commodus shines upon the arena of the Coliseum!

"I leave Rome; but not for anything which I have done. I shall soon return; and then shall be ready to answer any demands which you may make upon me, and not before.

"I subscribe myself,

"CLODIUS CORRINIUS."

Servius Valerius perused this letter without manifesting any emotions of indignation. He then quietly rolled up the parchment, and requested Publius and Alethes to accompany him into the presence of Aurelius. He acquainted the Emperor with what had happened to Alethes on the evening before, and his wresting the sword from the hand of the robber, bearing on its hilt the name "Clodius Corrinnius;" and also, with what Publius had communicated to him respecting the misfortune of Clodius on the same evening, as related by his physician. He farther observed that Clodius had denied Publius an interview; and then, unrolling the letter which he received from Clodius, he presented it to Aurelius. After the Emperor, Publius perused it. He scarcely finished it before he sprung from his seat, and swore by the altar of Mars, that before Clodius Corrinnius should again indite as many words, he would bury his sword to the handle in his breast. The sentence was scarcely uttered, before he rushed from the palace, and proceeded to

the Flacci Diversorium. Aurelius hurried to the portico of his palace, and commanded ten of his guards, who were in attendance, to pursue and return Publius.

Before Publius was aware of the proximity of the soldiers, one advanced, and snatched his sword from his sheath in a moment, exclaiming "*the Emperor commands it!*" Resistance was out of the question, and Publius was brought into the presence of Aurelius as guiltless as when he left it, and with his anger somewhat abated. As he entered, Aurelius exclaimed, addressing himself to Publius, "stop, stop my son! Would you forever dishonour yourself, by performing so foul a deed, as the murder of Clodius Corrinnius, for so slight a cause? I wield the sceptre and the sword of Rome. If Corrinnius have broken the laws, their penalty must be enforced. Learn to be wise, Publius, from the administration of them. Any one can refuse you an interview; and for the suspicion of murder, no man must forfeit his life. There is, from the events of last night, undoubted cause for the implication of Corrinnius, in the attempt to assassinate Alethes. And as he has made disgraceful insinuations upon the honour of your family, Servius, you retain his letter and may demand satisfaction. For his violent anger, a man always punishes himself. If judgement be abandoned to the course of passion, there is always a speedy goal of error and misfortune. But you retain the sword of Corrinnius: let him speak for himself, that he may redeem it."

"I desire that he may," answered Servius Valerius. "But if he should suspect my design, he will leave

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Rome immediately.—Command, therefore, that he may be apprehended."

Accordingly a band of armed soldiers were dispatched to retain Clodius. Arriving at the Diversorium, they were informed that he had left; and was probably, at that time, crossing the Palatine Bridge. The officer of the guard called for a horse, commanded his men to follow on, and pursued him at full speed. Clodius had sent for his slaves to the palace of Servius early in the morning; and as soon as they arrived, he made preparations for a departure. He ordered his chariot, and four elegant steeds; and accompanied with his slaves, he departed; and had commenced ascending the Janiculum before the officer overtook him. The officer immediately made known his message.—"The Emperor commands me to return!—Slaves, stop the chariot." The officer rode up to the chariot, and handed Clodius a parchment, which contained the following:—"I desire that Lucius Arruntius Tarquinæ may appear at my palace without delay. Aurelius Imperitor." As soon as he read the sentence, he arose from his seat, and unsheathed his sword. He grasped it hard in his hand, and pointing towards the Tiber, exclaimed, "who comes yonder!" And as the officer turned his head to look, Clodius brought down his heavy sword with such a force upon the neck of his horse that nearly severed it from his body. The horse made one dreadful bound, and fell dead to the earth. In this last effort of the animal, his rider cleared himself from him without sustaining any injury. As he alighted to the ground, Clodius called out to him, "the Emperor

can see me at Tarquina, if he desires!" As he said this, his lash resounded over the horses; and they were in the act of springing forward with the chariot, when the officer drew his sword and houghed the hind leg of the nearest horse. Clodius instantly leaped to the ground and attacked the centurion with the madness of a fiend. The air resounded with the clashing of swords, and the high, overhanging rocks echoed it back. Clodius struck the left arm of the officer and disabled it, and his shield fell to the ground. The centurion bravely defended himself. Blow met blow with equal rapidity and strength; and for sometime, the contest appeared doubtful. But Corrinnius hearing the trampling of horses, prevented only from seeing them by a turn of the road which wound round the mountain, and suspecting the approach of aid from his enemies, pushed hard upon his antagonist, and with one desperate blow laid him senseless upon the ground. He seized the shield of his vanquished foe and fixed it on his arm. By this time, those whom he pointed out from his chariot to the centurion, and whose approach he heard, had advanced within a few yards of him. They were Publius and Alethes. They obtained knowledge of the departure of Clodius, procured horses and pursued him. They arrived and dismounted; but were scarcely upon their feet, and ready for their enemy, when he, exasperated to the highest degree, and fearing a conquest from his foes, rushed upon them with renewed vigour. Publius darted forward like lightning to meet him. His anger and courage were equal to those of Clodius—"The circus of Nero!" exclaimed Publius, "a

fine gladiator you !" reminding him of his proposal in his letter to Servius ; and with the force of both arms, he thrustured his spear into the shield of Corrinnius before he had sufficient time to approach him, and bore it from his arm, tossing it down the precipice near them, and contemptuously exclaimed, " my spear pursues it," throwing it after. His sword by this time was drawn, and the combatants fought like lions. Clodius had the advantage of an elevation above Publius, who, in making an effort to equal his adversary in this respect, slipped and fell to the ground ; and before he could regain his feet, Corrinnius severed his head from his body. He was exasperated to such a degree, that he became unconscious of the presence of any one ; and now, darting his eyes wildly around upon the field of his carnage, he discovered Alethes assisting the wounded centurion.

Although Alethes was not educated for war, yet he was not destitute of that courage, discretion, and activity, which generally never fail to distinguish the soldier's life. It has already been observed that his father had designed him for the forum ; and perhaps for this situation his talents were admirable. He had an excellent figure, tall and majestic ; and a strong, harmonious voice ; and an unbounded command of his language. His features might, perhaps, rather possess the characteristics of a Grecian, than a Roman. His face was of an oval form, delicately moulded, and small. His lips were thin, and beautifully curved. His eyes rather approaching to a greyish shade, were large, and prominent. His hair was nearly of a dark colour, and hung about his neck in

beautiful short curls. Added to these external features, he possessed an extraordinary degree of benevolence; which was, perhaps, the most prominent trait in his character. If he saw a fellow-creature exposed to danger, he wholly forgot himself in a desire to preserve his life; and the flood, fire, and the sword, were no barriers against him. When Publius engaged with Clodius, the attention of Alethes was directed towards the wounded officer; and he flew to render him, if possible, timely assistance. The moment Corrinnius recognized him, his heart bounded in his bosom with a fiendish gladness; and he advanced with his conquering sword drawn, ready to cut him down when he approached sufficiently near him. Alethes saw the proximity of his enemy, and sprung to his feet to receive him. He had not a conception of the dreadful conflict which had ensued. He supposed Clodius, when Publius engaged him, already exhausted, and would doubtless yield to preserve his life. He had not read the letter of Clodius, and therefore did not know the determined spirit of revenge, that burned within his bosom. Alethes, in a moment, seemed to realize for the first time, that his own devoted friend, Publius, was indeed slaughtered. He saw his murderer within three or four paces from him. He drew from beneath the folds of his toga a sword; and holding it up, exclaimed, "your sword, Corrinnius."—It was enough. They fought. The blood streamed in torrents from each others' arms and chests. But Alethes was too refreshed, too vigorous for his adversary. The long sword of Clodius, which Alethes wielded, was his own overthrow. Alethes saw

an opportunity—made a master effort, and cut the right arm of his foe at the elbow, that it hung powerlessly by his side. The sword dropped from his hand, and Alethes with his foot, hurled it to some distance from them. This was the last effort of Clodius. He looked despairingly around him, and endeavoured to leap from the precipice upon the rugged rocks, two hundred feet below; but was deterred by Alethes, who threw him to the ground and prevented it. The guards, by this time, arrived, and took him in custody.

The horse, when the centurion wounded him, became ungovernable, and overturned the chariot. By this event, the slaves being entangled by the reins, with the chariot and horses, were hurled headlong over the precipice, and were dashed to pieces by a descent of nearly two hundred feet.

The centurion, who was wounded in the head, was able to rise, although he had suffered much from the loss of blood; and to proceed, with assistance, towards the palace of Aurelius.

The body of Publius was removed; and on the second day after, was buried with honours in the family sepulchre of his father, near the palace, bearing this inscription:—" *Publius Servii Valerii sub hoc monumento jacet.*"

Clodius Corrinnius was taken to Rome; and after a summary enquiry before the Emperor, he was bound with chains and confined in one of the lowest prisons to wait a farther trial. A Roman, upon suspicion of murder, might be arraigned before a chief magistrate, and un-

dergo an immediate examination ; and if sufficient proof could not instantly be produced, he was liberated without farther delay ; but if he were known to take the life of a countryman, either accidentally or designedly, the laws considered him guilty, until proved the reverse.

On the morning of the third day, Clodius was brought into the judgement-hall of the præfect, for his trial before the Emperor. It proceeded. Alethes first examined. He was interrogated respecting the manner by which he came in possession of the sword. He related the circumstance as has already been detailed. An examination proceeded as follows :

AURELIUS.—What time in the evening did this happen ?

ALETHES.—About one hour after sunset.

AURELIUS.—You were proceeding in the way from the Sublician Bridge ?

ALETHES.—I was.

AURELIUS.—Do you recollect the form of the mask the individual wore, whether it concealed the whole head, or the face only ?

ALETHES.—For the face only.

AURELIUS.—Having neither beard or hair attached to it ?

ALETHES.—I could distinguish neither.

AURELIUS.—You examined the place where this occurred, on the morning following, you observed. Were you alone ?

ALETHES.—No—Publius and Orontes were with me.

AURELIUS.—Had you left the palace alone, before you proceeded to this place?

ALETHES.—I had not. We went early in the morning. The mask was shivered to fragments, which were scattered over the sand. I still retain a piece of it, with the string attached, which fastened it up on the face. We discovered blood upon this part. The broken oar, as I have related, was also found. (The fragment of the mask was handed to Aurelius).

AURELIUS.—Were you with them, Orontes?

ORONTES.—I was—in the boat with Publius in the evening, and with him and Alethes on the morning after, when they examined the place, as Alethes has related.

AURELIUS.—Did he suspect any person, calling his name?

ORONTES.—None.

AURELIUS.—Were you present when they arrived at your palace, Servius Valerius?

SERVIUS.—I was.

AURELIUS.—Did you hear Alethes cast suspicions on any particular person, relative to the attempt upon his life?

SERVIUS.—Upon none. The sword was discovered to bear the name of "Clodius Corrinnius" upon it, yet he did not say that he thought it was Corrinnius, who had endeavoured to take his life.

AURELIUS.—Let Clodius Corrinnius answer for himself. It is for his own honour that he explains the manner, if possible, how his sword could come in the possession of Alethes—or of another.

(Some time was now passed in waiting for an explanation from Clodius, who, notwithstanding the emperor commanded him to answer, and intimated that his life was at his disposal, positively refused to make any other reply, than that Aurelius "might proceed with the examination of the witnesses;" and he stood immoveable during the remainder of his trial, the personification of scorn and revenge. His physician was next examined, who related how Clodius was deprived of his sword, as communicated to him).

AURELIUS.—Clodius Corrinnius himself told you of this?

PHYSICIAN.—He did.

AURELIUS.—Were there any others present?

PHYSICIAN.—There was a servant; but I should not know him.

AURELIUS.—At what hour did he say this happened?

PHYSICIAN.—I think about twilight.

AURELIUS.—Did he say where this affair took place?

PHYSICIAN.—He told me in the Fabrician Grove.

AURELIUS.—Well, all this is very possible. If it were done early in the evening, the robber who assailed Clodius Corrinnius, might afterwards have crossed the Tiber, and encountered Alethes with the sword which he took from Clodius.—But this is a singular mask. You see it is Grecian. From the part of the face which remains, it has evidently been designed for tragedy. There have been no plays recently acted in Rome. And the mask is also new. Now, if this can be indentified by any barber, and the person to whom he sold it, the individual who assailed Alethes, may easily be traced.

(There was a barber's shop near the baths of Titus ; and as it had been intimated that Clodius went thither from the palace of Servius, Aurelius requested that the barber might be called. He accordingly appeared and was examined.)

AURELIUS.—Have you disposed of any masks lately ?

BARBER.—Not within a day or two. I sold one four days ago.

AURELIUS.—Four days ? Be certain. Was it not more than four days since ?

BARBER.—I think only four days. If you will permit me to return, I can tell you precisely.

AURELIUS.—No. You may send any one for the book.

(A servant to the barber brings the book with the date. Upon this day the barber had purchased some goods, and he recollected selling the mask by this occurrence).

BARBER.—Yes. This is the day, four days ago.

AURELIUS.—Would you not recognise the mask, should you see it ?

BARBER.—I should. It was the only one I had ; and was for the face only, and designed for tragedy. There was upon the right side of the face, near the chords, which were of silk, a hole cut by my boy, which I should surely know, were I to see it again. (The broken mask was handed to him). This is the same. Here is the very cut,—you can see it was made by a small knife.

AURELIUS.—There was no other person in the shop when the individual purchased it, I suppose.

BARBER.—Yes. My servant was present at the same time, and heard me speak of the sale.

AURELIUS.—(To the servant) Were you present? Did you see any person buy this mask?

SERVANT.—Yes, I saw a man,—he wore a military cloak; and I recollect of hearing my master say, "*I am glad I sold it.*"

AURELIUS.—You said he wore a military cloak.—You would not know him again, I suppose.

SERVANT.—I think I should.

AURELIUS.—Is that the person? (pointing to the prisoner).

SERVANT.—No. He has no military cloak. "*That is the man!*" exclaimed the barber, "I recollect the face well, although disfigured with wounds. And as he tried the mask to his face, I observed upon his right ear a scar, which appeared to have been made with a sword."

The head of Corrinnius was now uncovered; and his ear was found to possess the same mark, as described by the barber.

It was now proved beyond a doubt that he was the same person who had attempted to assassinate Alethes.

The Emperor next enquired into the conduct of Corrinnius, relative to the death of Publius. The testimony of Alethes was in his favour. He stated that as soon as he and Publius arrived, Publius dismounted, drew his sword, and attacked Clodius, who rushed forward to meet him; and that during their encounter, which lasted only a few minutes, he himself endeavoured to render assistance to the wounded centurion, who had recovered his consciousness, and was making an effort to rise; and

that he saw Publius fall, and Clodius give the blow, which terminated his existence.

After the examination of Alethes, the Emperor arose and delivered the following address:—"Friends and countrymen! You have been witnesses to-day of the trial of Clodius Corrinnius Tarquinæ; who, for an attempt upon the life of Alethes, the son of Sorex, Prætor of Smyrna, has been found guilty.

"It was my design, when I heard of this affair, to have it immediately investigated. Upon sending for Clodius Corrinnius, therefore, that I might more effectually know the truth of this matter, he contemptuously treated the message; and wounded Licinus, chief officer of the guard; and by conduct so base, has caused the death of Publius, the son of Servius Valerius.

"The laws of Rome were made to restrain crime; to benefit the people; to administer justice to the poor as well as to the rich; and to diffuse happiness throughout this vast empire. They do not condemn to death a citizen, who has endeavoured to take the life of another, and did not succeed. The punishment rests with the judge, to inflict a forfeiture of property, or to banish him to distant countries for a time.

"It should ever be the object of a wise sovereign to protect such laws, and to enforce their penalties upon the guilty,—upon the patrician as upon the plebeian. Rank should not prompt his partiality, nor riches seduce his judgement.

"In examining, therefore, the case of Clodius Corrinnius, to say nothing of certain imputations made upon

the honour of the family of Servius Valerius, which have not been adduced to-day, he has been found guilty; and as a punishment for which, I command that he shall be banished forever; that he shall forfeit all claims to distinction as a citizen and a patrician; and that he shall never, under penalty of death, appear, after ten days, within fifteen hundred stadia* of the city of Rome.

"And in prosecution, therefore, of this my judgement, let it be made known to the Senate, and to the people of Rome."

After the pronunciation of this decision of Aurelius, Clodius Corrinus was returned to prison; and on the day following, he was clad in a mean garb, conducted without the walls of the city, and was left to pursue whatever direction he might choose.

CHAPTER VII.

On the day previous to the trial of Corrinus, Alethes obtained the documents, to which was affixed the emperor's seal, declaring in the name of Rome, that his citizenship was restored: and that he should not only inherit the possessions of his father, but that those of his uncle should also be added: that the confiscated lands of Alethes, the son of Sorex, should be redeemed; and those of Superius should be repurchased by the public money, and given to Alethes, their lawful heir.

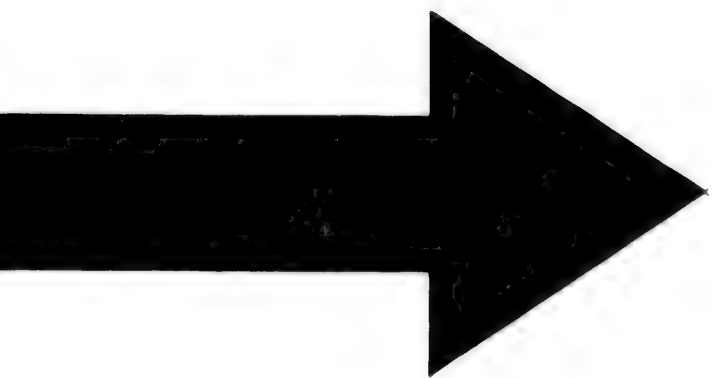
* A Stadium is about one-eighth of a mile.

In the midst of all the changes of circumstances and friends through which Alethes had passed, from the time of his banishment to the present period, he had never forgotten the sacred obligations he owed to God and his many friends; and the manuscript had always, in the absence of his friends, been his companion.

He had now accomplished his wishes relative to the necessary documents for the recovery of his property; and the only difficulty which remained, and which he dreaded, was the tedious journey to Lydia to take possession of his property. The members of the family of Servius Valerius were the only persons of refinement with whom he had associated since his banishment from Smyrna; and he now felt that sincere attachment towards them, which is the natural result of a long and friendly intercourse; and the interest which Servius himself had taken in his welfare, excited a filial affection within his heart, which Alethes thought would render him unable forever to separate himself from his noble benefactor. He piously revered him for his devotion to his country; he admired him for his private virtues; and loved him for his generosity and the magnanimity of his nature.

Servius Valerius and his family were much affected by the death of Publius. As for Servius himself, he could have supported the loss of his son with a greater fortitude, had he perished upon the field of battle in defence of his country; but to die by the hand of one so detestable, who, for his own base conduct, and baser ingratitude, deserved to suffer death, was itself a source of vexation and sorrow. The grief of Acillia and her mother





were of the purest kind. They bore no animosity towards Clodius Corrinnius, but lamented with profound and lasting sorrow, the loss of a brother and a dutiful son.

In the first violence of our grief for the dead, for the decease of those whom we have long known and dearly loved, there is often something that may be censured, as well as much that may truly be revered and admired. We suppose that we can never grieve too much for the loss of those who have suffered death—who have gone down into the grave, to mingle their bodies with the dust that surrounds them. We recall their past conversations, their looks, their smiles, their many kindnesses, their good qualities. As we ponder upon these things, we return the dead to the stage of mortal action, and surround them again by their friends. Pleasant hours are recalled, and pleasant scenes reacted. But in the midst of our imaginary happiness, the truth of their final separation from mortal intercourse, forces itself upon our hearts, and our enthusiastic delight is repaid by a new return of anguish. Again we sigh and weep for the dead, as we realize that we can look no more upon them. We now think of the corruption of the grave, and of the reptiles that devour the once lovely form; and that in a little while, their deeds and their names will soon be obliterated forever from the memory of mortals.

Absorbed in reflections like these, Acillia passed several days, refusing to take almost any nourishment, and withdrawing herself from society, and as much as possible from her own most intimate friends. Her health

soon became much reduced, and her imagination was becoming sensibly affected. During the day, she would retire to the uppermost room of the palace, and look for hours towards the Janiculum, the scene of the tragical death of her brother; and when the shades of evening were diffused over the earth, she sought the garden and the tomb of Publius, carrying garlands which she gathered from her silver vases, to strew them upon her brother's grave. The recollection of her brother's affection for her was perpetually in her mind, and she fancied that his shade was pursuing her wherever she turned—whether she conversed for a moment, or read; whether she trod the marble halls of the palace, or walked into the desolate garden to his tomb.

Alethes could not but participate in the affliction of the family of Servius Valerius. During the first few weeks of his slavery, the partiality which Publius manifested towards Alethes, induced Servius to promote him from the more laborious employments to an overseer (Villicus) of his country residence. Publius, from this time till his departure for Cortona, had treated him with kindness, and had bestowed many favours upon him. And in his letters to his friends, during his absence, he never omitted to enquire about Villicus; and after Alethes regained his freedom, Publius manifested a greater anxiety to see him, than any other of the more immediate family of Servius Valerius.

In his conversation upon the death of Publius, Alethes alluded to that event with sorrowful regret; and spoke with tenderness in admiration of his departed friend.

Perhaps there is no period in the history of the human feelings, when the heart is more easily affected, or disposed to yield itself up to the sympathy of another, to the influence of compassion for its sorrow, than when afflicted with the loss of a valued treasure, with which it had assured itself of a full and permanent happiness. It now listens to the voice of friendship with sincerity and eagerness; and acquires a new affection for the monitor, who brings healing balm and words of consolation for its wounds and its sorrows. And it is a blessing to those, which only they can fully appreciate, who have drunken at the fountain of consolation, that the sublime truths, the glories of the christian religion, should be unfolded to the mourner who has no hope beyond the grave, and no conception of an immortal and eternal existence. But the bereaved heart, now convinced that, after a few years, it shall be united to the object in which its affections had centred,—is instantaneously transported from its despondency to a condition of rational and refined happiness. For death, even when he visits the children of men in his mildest forms, is awful, impressing the mind, at least for a season, with a conviction of the uncertainty of human life, and the vanity of our nature. And it seems to me, that he is almost dead to every tender feeling, who can witness a fellow creature borne away by his friends to the cheerless grave, without taking any interest in so sad a spectacle. But when death crosses the threshold of our youth, and marks as his prey the object of our fondest hopes—some brother, sister, or friend, whom we have long and doatingly loved—when we behold that

loved one withering away in his grasp, and when our minds are associated with the dreariness and forgetfulness, the dissolution and the *forever* of the grave,—then rushes the full tide of the soul's deep and passionate feelings back upon our agonizing hearts; and then it is that the past scenes of bliss and joy crowd in quick succession upon our minds; and better then we know how tenderly we loved, and how requisite that loved one was to our happiness. We murmur like the mateless dove for the loss of one so precious, for a blank is created in our existence, which, we almost persuade ourselves, time can scarcely fill up.

And who can say that it is not painful to die—to bid an everlasting farewell to the friends of our childhood—to every endeared association, and all that is fair and lovely of earth? I know that there are those, who can meet death without a fear, or a wish to survive, perhaps, the last companion of their mortal pilgrimage; but I speak of those whose happiness is wholly of the world, and who have not looked forth to the “glory to be revealed.” For my part, I am not afraid to die. I have looked upon death as the door, by which we shall enter into a more glorious state of existence. I have always loved to linger about the graves, not only of my youthful friends, but also about those of strangers; and by this, I have made myself familiar with the desolations of the King of Terrors, and have *realized*, as it were, that however loved, or however distinguished our friends are, it will inevitably be their destiny soon to repose beneath the ground, over which, perhaps, they carelessly tread. Our tears

and our entreaties cannot prevail. Although man is the noblest work of his creator, and is possessed of faculties to explore the boundless creation with which he is surrounded, and even to scrutinize the ways of the Eternal Mind, yet 'tis surely his lot to die, to be consigned to the lonely and relentless grave, the end of all human greatness and perfection.

Yet, while we reflect on the fate of mortals, we are consoled with the most pleasing hopes. We cannot but anticipate that there is a world where sorrow cannot enter, where death cannot approach to separate friend from friend. As we turn to converse with our hearts, we become acquainted of early affections broken, and bright hopes forever past away. And shall these ardent capabilities of our finer nature forever vanish like the dream which we recollect but for a moment, and leave no germ behind, which shall grow up and flourish in immortal beauty?—Over the darkness of the widowed heart the gospel of our ever blessed Redeemer has thrown a light, which dispels the gloom of the grave, and pours a flood of glory upon the pathway of the soul to everlasting bliss.

Then those who mourn for the departed ones of earth, may treasure up their memory in their hearts and despair not. The hour may soon come, when they too, shall pass away into the land of repose.

The immortal part may, or may not be clothed with consciousness immediately after its separation from the body. Of this, there are various opinions. Milton was disposed to think the soul, when the body is laid in the

grave, endures a rest, or *sleep*, till the day of its reunion with its corporeal nature ; but most of modern christians believe that the soul puts on immortality and eternal life, and enters into all the employments of a future state, as soon as it has passed the bourne of mortal existence. But *this* we do know, that even the sleep of death will be short ; and that when the sound of the judgment trump shall burst upon the ears of sleeping millions, they shall arise from their tombs, and mortality shall put on immortality ; and that those who have desired it, shall see the glory of the upper world, and meet those whom they loved on earth, never more to endure the separation of death.

Gradually, in his conversations with Acillia, Alethes brought her mind to acknowledge, and to believe in the superiority of christianity over the influence of the ceremonies of the religion of Rome ; and to lift up her prayer to the throne of the Most High, who giveth us our pleasures, and who, in his infinite wisdom, taketh them away. This was a new era in the life of Acillia, from which she ever after dated the reign of a new and holier religion in her heart. Now, the only child of Valerius, she was regarded by her parents almost as an oracle, and as a prodigy by the domestics, endeared, perhaps, to both by the death of her brother, and an extraordinary disposition which she manifested to magnify the happiness of the slaves.

Servius Valerius was not ignorant of the nature of christianity. He had met with many of its followers, both at home and abroad, and in every grade of society ;

and although he was not inclined to a profession of it himself, he acknowledged that it had, at least, a good influence upon the more learned of his countrymen; and though he could not wish that his daughter should espouse the christian religion, yet he adopted no purpose to thwart her inclination.

Alethes now made preparations for an immediate departure from Rome; and, as he did not contemplate a return, he wished to visit the remaining public buildings of the city.—It would be almost an impossible task, even if we were intimately acquainted with every historian both ancient and modern, who has written upon a subject so fraught with interest,—a description of the city of Rome, were it really indispensable in the relation of the tale of these imperfect pages. Rome, in the days of her greatest splendour, extended her walls about thirteen miles,—three or four along the eastern bank of the Tiber, and proceeding in a circular direction, included the seven hills,* on which the city is said to have been founded. Within the circumference of these walls, whose extent was only about one-fourth of that of the walls of Babylon,

* The seven hills were Palatinus, Capitolinus, Aventinus, Quirinalis, Cælius, Viminalis, and Esquilinus, the Esquiline hill. The Janiculum and the Vaticanus seem not to have been included within the walls of the city. The former (Janiculum) in a very early period was built upon, and defended by a strong fortress; but the latter, from an impression that the surrounding air was unhealthy, was almost deserted, till Nero built his circus at the foot of it, whence it became a fashionable resort in the reign of that celebrated tyrant.

were contained that splendour and power, which constituted her the "*Lux orbis terrarum, atque arx omnium genitum*!"* We are not, then, astonished to know why Rome should be considered as the marvel of the world; and why every one who claimed affinity with her interests, whether he journeyed over the wastes of Arabia, or the burning plain of Africa—whether he trod the fruitful vales of Italy, or the bleak and barren deserts of Syria,—should turn to her, and in the enthusiasm of his soul, exclaim "*O Roma, domina cordis es*!"† when we learn of her impregnable walls, with their thirty-seven ponderous gates; her twelve costly roads—some of which still remain as on the day when they were finished, after a period of two thousand years,—diverging from the city and leading into the remotest parts of the empire, from the northern shores of Gaul to the southern boundaries of Egypt, and from the pillars of Hercules (Straits of Gibraltar) to the banks of Euphrates and the deserts of Arabia,—out over the highest mountains, and conducted over the widest rivers upon bridges, which, for their costliness and noble architecture, have astonished every beholder since the days of their builders. When we read of her towers, her temples, her monuments, her superb structures of royalty, her eight hundred and sixty baths, many singly accommodating not less than eighteen hundred persons; her immense revenues, her innumerable

* Translation: The light of the universe, and the metropolis of all nations.

† Translation: O Rome, thou art the mistress of my heart!

armies, her philosophers, her heroes, her painters, her sculptors and her poets, we are not at a loss, I say, to conjecture with what interest the traveller contemplated Rome.

She had flourished for more than nine hundred years in every species of affluence, and had already sacrificed the lives of a hundred and twenty millions of her subjects to conquer her rival nations, and to make herself the metropolis of the world. Babylon and Nineveh had been but a name in history for seven hundred years, and shortly after their overthrow, passed away the glory of Thebes, and the power of Memphis, to which the early Greek and the Roman resorted for knowledge. Carthage, once rich in works of art, and renowned for the extent of her commerce, had been ruins since the days of Scipio, her conqueror. Corinth, once the retreat of philosophers, rhetoricians, orators, painters, poets, and statuary; and Athens, the centre of opulence and the nurse of the sciences, and all that could distinguish the intellect of man, and the most celebrated city of her time, — had yielded to the subjugating power of Rome, and now lived but in name of their former splendour and renown. But Rome herself was now the great beacon-light of the world, attracting from her remotest territories the learned, the curious, and the candidate for fame. Reared upon her seven immoveable pillars, and surrounded by her unshaken walls, she seemed the eternal abode of power, gorgeousness, and art—a gigantic temple, to which all nations thronged to adore its greatness!

We may suppose, then, that Alethes, who was supe-

riorly educated, and who could fully appreciate the magnificent works that every where met his notice, did not look upon them with a careless eye, although his heart forbade him to pay that adoration to them, which the thousands hourly bestowed by whom they were surrounded. Accordingly, we find him on a morning preceding his departure by a few days, proceeding towards the triumphal Arch of Titus, through which the captive sons of Judea were led, after having seen their beloved city, Jerusalem, burned to ashes and its walls totally demolished by the Romans. This magnificent structure was situated between the Palatine and Capitoline hills, in the Via Sacra, or sacred street, as the traveller entered the city by the triumphal bridge and passed along by the Pantheon. The first objects that would attract his attention, were the temple of Antoninus Pius, the foster-father of Aurelius, on one side of the way, and on the other, that celebrated temple of Peace, which was not once opened for sacrifice during the last twenty years of the glorious reign of Pius; but passing these, he came at once to the magnificent Arch. It was a square figure, and was composed of the finest marble, and ornamented with a multitude of figures of exquisite sculpture. On the left hand of the gate, was the statue of Titus; and on the right, that of his father, Vespasian. The whole was surrounded with columns, bearing inscriptions of memorable events, or illustrative of some particular passage in the history of the religion of the empire; and was surmounted with a statue of Victory.

As Alethes contemplated this proud structure, his

mind turned to the days when beneath it in triumph the remnant of that people were led, to whom alone Jehovah once revealed his glorious purposes of man's redemption. He recalled to mind the splendour of their city—their rejection of the preaching of Christ—his treading the Mount of Olives, and looking down upon the devoted Jerusalem, and exclaiming “O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, but ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate!—There shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down.—There shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be.—And this generation shall not pass away, till all these things be fulfilled.”*

Leaving the Arch of Titus on the right, and passing along the Via Sacra, the next place Alethes visited, was

* This prophecy of our Saviour is supposed, by many, to allude to the “end of the world;” but by the phrase “*this generation*,” he undoubtedly meant before the passing away of the most of those who were *then* living. This prediction was uttered a short time previous to our Lord’s crucifixion; he was then thirty-three years of age; and thirty-seven years afterwards Titus took Jerusalem, after a siege of eighteen months; and it is altogether likely that thousands who had witnessed the death of our Saviour, witnessed also the destruction of their city, in which one million and one hundred thousand perished. Ninety-seven thousand were taken captives, some of whom were sent into Egypt, to work in the mines, some into the neighbouring provinces as presents to the governors, for the sport of the people and the torture of wild beasts; the rest were taken in chains to Rome.

the great amphitheatre of Rome, erected by Titus and Vespasian, better known by the name of the Coliseum. Perhaps human invention and the labours of man, never raised a structure more calculated to absorb the attention, and yet to charm the beholder, than this noble and imperishable edifice! Here was presented a scene too replete with beauty, sublimity, and tragical realities for the mind to contemplate without the profoundest emotions. Let the reader imagine that he is gazing upon a building of sufficient dimensions to cover nearly six acres of land, and capable of containing a hundred thousand spectators, and towering so above him, that his eye can scarcely measure its height. What a vision swims before his astonished mind! what a conception overwhelms his understanding!

To realize its grandeur and extensive magnitude fully, he must enter it and place himself upon the arena. From this position, he gets a view of its greatness. Its walls rise up to the height of one hundred and twenty feet, and tiers of seats follow each other to the very top, supported upon colonnades of every order of architecture. In the days of Titus and Aurelius, it was looked upon as the most stupendous work of the kind that ever the Romans erected. Its whole circumference was one thousand six hundred feet.

Over one entrance at the focus of the longest diameter of the area, which was six hundred and fifteen feet, stood Mars the God of War, holding on the left arm his extended shield, and in his right hand a drawn spear,—elevated upon a platform of marble, and supported by pil-

lars, ornamented with the trophies of victory; and at the opposite focus, similarly elevated, was Jupiter seated upon his throne, appearing as the supreme patron and guardian of the place.

The reader may form some idea of the vast labour expended in the completion of this amphitheatre; and of the opulence, extravagance, and vanity of Nero, when he is informed that it was erected out of a *part* only of the golden house* of Nero, which Vespasian ordered to be demolished as too sumptuous for a Roman Emperor; and that thirty thousand captive Jews were employed for a year in building it, besides the best architects and sculptors in the Empire!

During the day on which the Coliseum was first opened, it is said by Dio Cassius, that Titus introduced into the arena nine thousand wild beasts, to combat with the gladiators, to devour the christians, and many of the Jews who had laboured in its erection. At intervals the whole spectators were sprinkled with perfumed water, issuing from secret tubes in the multitude of figures upon the walls; and when nearly the most of those wild animals in different combats were destroyed, of a sudden the whole arena was flood to the depth of twelve or fourteen feet! There was always a canal surrounding the arena,

* This palace of Nero's was of such sumptuousness that the completion but of a part of it cost over four hundred thousand pounds sterling. In a hall of this house which had moveable ceilings almost too dazzling to contemplate, he often entertained his friends by suppers, which never cost less than fifteen thousand pounds each.—Caligulas laid out on a supper eighty thousand seven hundred pounds.

and the inundation had been secretly effected to exhibit a naval engagement.—About thirty-six years after this exhibition, the Emperor Trajan, to celebrate his triumph over the rebellious Dacians, commanded that the whole immense number of animals which he had collected during several months, consisting of lions, tigers, panthers, bears from Sythia, (Russia), elephants, rhinoceroses, and even crocodiles and hippopotami from the river Nile, about eleven thousand in number,—should be given up to the entertainment of the people. The sports continued for several weeks, and a thousand gladiators fought, the most of whom perished in their combats. During these exhibitions the venerable Ignatius was devoured by the lions. He was educated by the Apostle John, and by him was chosen bishop of Antioch.

After spending some time in the contemplation of this celebrated amphitheatre, the *slaughter-house* of hundreds of the most pious and devoted christians of antiquity, Alethes ascended the Esquiline hill, and went to the tomb of Horace. It was situated about a hundred yards east of the Baths of Titus. At this time, the poems of Horace were the most celebrated of any in the Latin language. In the Temple of Apollo, built by Augustus, his odes were continually sung, his Secular Games acted, his Satires spoken, his Epistles read, and his Art of Poetry discussed. He was buried beside the grave of his patron Mæcenas, the friend of literary men, and the counsellor of Augustus Cæsar. Horace died two years after Mæcenas, and six years before the birth of our Saviour. His tomb was composed of white marble, over

which was raised a large slab of the same, bearing various inscriptions, directed to be placed there by Augustus. At the head of the tomb, stood a monument, or rather a column, surmounted by his statue, bearing in one hand a lyre, and in the other a branch, indicative of the poet, for the most ambitious wishes of Horace were to live in retirement at his villa in the secluded valley of Ustica, a few miles from Rome, where he might pour out the aspirations of his soul beneath his shady elms, and his venerable oaks.

The next public edifice worthy of notice, was the Pantheon, built by Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa, son-in-law to Augustus, during the golden days of Virgil and Horace, in imitation of the famous Pantheon of Athens, and dedicated to all the deities of the empire. It was of a perfectly round figure, one hundred and fifty feet diameter at its base, and one hundred and fifty feet in height. The inner walls are said to have been formed of solid marble. The outer walls were covered with brass plates; and the roof lined with immense sheets of silver, and its spacious compartments within, of the same. Around the walls were arrayed the statues of the presiding divinities, with their histories sculptured on the pedestals that supported them. The gate of the Pantheon was a work of extraordinary dimensions, of brass, and had an ascent of twelve steps to it. And notwithstanding the enormous height of its walls, it was without a single window; and the only aperture through which light was admitted, was a space in the top of the roof of twenty-five feet diameter. In the square of the Pantheon stand the pillars of

Antoninus and Trajan, and still may be seen from any part of Rome.

After visiting a few other public places, and the tombs of St. Peter and the Apostle Paul, who suffered martyrdom upon the same day by command of Nero, Alethes returned to the palace of Valerius; and within a few days, having taken an affectionate farewell of his benefactor and family, and bestowing a copy of his manuscript upon Acillia, he commenced his journey to Lydia.

CHAPTER VIII.

On a beautiful sunny day in the month of October, about five weeks after his departure from Rome, Alethes being at Athens, went in company with other travellers with whom he had met, to see the renowned Acropolis and its neighbouring temples. The Acropolis was to Athens, what the Capitol was to Rome, a triumphal gail to which she led her captives, and an impregnable citadel.

From this lofty eminence, adorned with all the sublimity, magnificence, and beauty that the architect and sculptor could achieve, perhaps was realized the most interesting and beautiful prospect which the world is capable of affording. On the north was the Stoa of Zeno, surrounded by several minor philosophical porches of a similar description, the Temple of Theseus, and the Aca-

demic Grove; on the south, the Temple and Theatre of Bacchus, Temple of Esculapius, and the ancient Museum; to the east, were the Temple of Jupiter Olympus and the Stadium,* and between them flowed the winding Ilissus; while about three hundred yards west of the Acropolis, was the celebrated Areiopagus or Hill of Mars. And within the distance of thirty miles were cities and fields the most renowned and the most sacred in the eyes of the Athenians, whose history the humblest citizen knew,—and which they could daily look upon by ascending the heights of the Acropolis. But although Athens reposed at their feet with a glory upon her brow, gathered from the riches of other nations, and composed by the hands of her own children, yet when they again beheld the plain of Marathon and the Isle of Salamis, after having looked upon them a hundred times, their hearts became touched with the talisman of Nature, the philosopher's mysterious stone, turning their hearts to rapture, and their souls to adoration! For at the distance of ten miles from them on the north-east reposed in sacred silence the venerable field of Marathon, where the Greeks reestablished their independence by a defeat of

* This place of exercise was situated south of the river Ilissus, about two-thirds of a mile from the eastern brow of the citidel, and was built by Lycurgus of Pentelic marble, in so splendid a manner, that the traveller, like the Queen of Sheba when beholding the riches of Solomon, often exclaimed "the half had not been told!" It was one-eighth of a mile long, and when seen at a distance is said to have resembled a white mountain, from the nature of the marble, and its enormous dimensions.

the Persians, who were more numerous than themselves by ten times their number; and as far on the south-east, were the ever sunny bay and Isle of Salamis, where, thirty-five years after, they gained another victory over the same people, which raised the Athenians from the banishment into which they were driven by their enemies, and their city from ruins, to greater prosperity than they had ever before enjoyed. And within view were also the memorable plains of Platœa and Leuctra, and the thousand Isles that sparkled like golden pearls at the feet of Athens, the ancient mistress of the Grecian States.

While Alethes was contemplating this prospect of land and sea, and the magnificence of the city by which he was surrounded, he was accosted by an armed officer, who enquired if he was Alethes, a native of Smyrna, and son of Sorex? As soon as Alethes had replied in the affirmative, the officer told him he was considered a criminal by the Roman laws, and that he himself was commanded by the high priest of Jupiter Olympus to apprehend and take him before the chief magistrate of Athens. It was in vain that Alethes demanded the cause of such a proceeding, and assured the officer that he was a nobleman of Smyrna, and also a citizen of Rome, created by Aurelius himself, and ratified by his own seal. The officer could give no explanation, and any resistance from Alethes would be madness, as he was already surrounded by a strong guard of soldiers.

About three hours after his apprehension, he appeared at the judgement hall appropriated to the examination of such matters as related solely to religion. The magis-

trate and priest with a few attendants and soldiers, were the only persons assembled. The crime alleged against Alethes, was, that being disinherited and banished forever from Smyrna, and beyond the confines of the empire, for heresy against the religion of his country, he had, contrary to law, appeared in the city of Athens. To this accusation, Alethes replied that he, by the favour of Servius Valerius, brother-in-law to Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, and by the influence which that general commanded with the emperor,—had been restored to his original citizenship of Smyrna, and the patrimony both of his father and of his uncle; and that he possessed the documents to these effects, from the Senate of Rome, sealed with the emperor's own hand.

This was sufficient to cancel all claim they had upon him, or destroy all power that the government of Athens could possibly exert against him; and the judge only required that he might produce the documents, as necessary to his liberation. He was also informed, that his accuser was a native of Italy, and was immediately arrived from Rome. But Alethes could recollect no person who might be acquainted with his circumstances at Rome, unless it were a friend of Corrinnius, of whom, however, he had a very limited knowledge. He had met no person at Athens whom he recollected ever to have seen before. And he was informed that it was not certain whether the person who had made the accusation was in the city or not, as it was not indispensable to his examination, since it was well known amongst them, that

the son of Sorex, Prætor of Smyrna, had been banished from that city during his life.

Alethes requested that he might be allowed to repair to his lodgings, as none of his servants were present, in order to produce the satisfaction which the court required; and in accordance to his wish, he was conducted thither by a guard.—

But what astonishment and grief overwhelmed the mind of Alethes when he discovered that the case, which contained his documents relative to the restoration of his possessions at Smyrna, a superior change of robes, and several pieces of gold, had been removed from his quarters without his knowledge, by his servants; and no person knew whether they had gone with it! The master of the house, Halocrates, told him that his servants came in after he had left, perhaps an hour, and requested that they might convey their master's gilded case to him, as he had so ordered. He, presuming that the article had been ordered, delivered it to them. This was all he knew of the matter; and several witnesses were ready to confirm his statements.

Alethes then acquainted Halocrates with what had happened to him respecting his banishment, his slavery, his freedom, and the documents which his case contained, declaring him again a citizen of Smyrna, and an heir to his father's possessions; and that some person had made certain statements to the chief priest of the city, which were likely to ruin him, if the documents could not be recovered. The officer and Alethes, accompanied with Halocrates, returned to the hall of the magistrate, who, on

being informed of the misfortune that had happened to the prisoner, shook his head, and observed that nothing farther could be done for him at Athens; and that he must be immediately sent to Smyrna to be submitted to the judgment of the governor, as from that city he was banished.—“I appeal to the Senate of Rome,” said Alethes. “We have no proof that you have seen Rome of late; and as you were banished by the governor of Lydia, we must convey you thither, and it will be at his pleasure to submit you to the jurisdiction of the city of Rome.”

Alethes knew well that if he entered the city of Smyrna, without the documents from the Roman Senate, there would be very little hope of any appeal from so vicious a mind as that of the governor of Lydia; and already began to dread what a few days to come, might reveal. For a moment he felt an irresistible feeling of agony; but it was momentary only. He was naturally of an ardent temperament, but of a melancholy disposition; yet the confidence he had in God, and the proofs of his kindness, were always prominent inducements to still hope in his mercy, on any emergency bearing a forboding aspect.—He quickly recovered his spirits, and waited his dismissal from the court. The aged priest of Jupiter, fixing his eyes steadfastly, yet scornfully, upon Alethes, gravely observed, “thus shall be the fate of those, who dare reject the worship of Jupiter, the supreme deity of the world!”—and the magistrate commanding the officer to take him into custody till the following day, the court was broken up.

Alethes was not kept in close confinement, but conti-

ned in a private house under a guard of two or three soldiers.—He spent much of the night in prayer and communion with his Saviour ; and in the morning as soon as convenient, he sent for Halocrates, for he felt persuaded that a plot was making to take his life. He wished him and those who saw his servants remove his case, to appear at his examination ; and also to bring his remaining things, as they might be of service to him.

Alethes was again summoned for trial, but in a more august assembly. In addition to the high priest of Jupiter Olympus, and a magistrate of the court of Metichou, he was conducted into the presence of the governor of Attica, in the splendid court of Proedroi. As soon as Alethes entered, the high priest, by request, proceeded to state to the assembly the object of their meeting, and that the prisoner was considered a criminal, for having broken the laws of the empire, in appearing within their jurisdiction after his banishment. The governor then asked Alethes if he could bring forth reasons why he had appeared at Athens. Alethes, after repeating the same reasons as upon the day previous, assured the governor that he had been deprived of his documents by the perfidy of his servants, although in so unaccountable a manner ; and observed that Halocrates, with whom he had lodged, was ready to attest the fact. Halocrates came forward, and stated that upon the arrival of Alethes at his house, he understood from his servants, and also from a Peloponnesian who had made the same voyage, that he had come from Rome, having embarked in his ship at Syracuse, in Sicily—that the ship departed four days ago for

Crete ; but that during the time she remained in the harbour, the Peloponnesian frequently came to see Alethes, and he had heard them discuss the incidents of their voyage, which gave him to understand that he was a nobleman from Rome, although he had not heard him say so till yesterday.

The statement of Alethes, that he was by the Roman Senate restored to rank and former affluence was insufficient with the governor, as he possessed no documents to that effect ; and that of Halocrates was probable, but was wanting in proof that Alethes had really come from Rome in the character of a nobleman. His things, consisting of costly clothes, a sword mounted with gold, valuable books and pictures, two beautiful statues, a quantity of gold and silver ; and a present of a suit of armour, were all exhibited. But the governor argued that these things, though evidently belonging to some person of rank, could not establish the assertion that he was pardoned by the Roman Senate ; and as he had been banished from Smyrna, and it having been his design to go to that city, he concluded to send him thither accompanied with a centurion and guard. Against this Alethes remonstrated, and asserted his privilege as a nobleman and a Roman ; and the injustice of committing him to the authority of Lydia, since he had been deprived at Athens of those valuable articles, which would insure him the favour of any magistrate in any part of the Roman empire. He appealed to the jurisdiction of Rome ; or he was willing to remain a prisoner at Athens till the proceedings of the

Roman Senate was published at Smyrna, or the testimony of Aurelius could be produced, if possible.

Accordingly, Thymætes, the governor of Attica, after conferring with the priest of Jupiter and the subordinate magistrate, determined that Alethes should remain at Athens for two months, a time deemed sufficient to ascertain the mind of the Roman Senate in reference to his fortune. And a ship bearing documents from Thymætes to the emperor of Rome in regard to Alethes, and other matters of importance, was forthwith dispatched. And Alethes embraced this opportunity to convey a letter to Servius Valerius, and another to Aurelius himself; in which he detailed his apprehension by the government of Athens, every circumstance of his trial, and his present critical situation.

Week after week passed away; and finally the time expired without the arrival of any orders from Rome. A report of the wreck of the ship upon the western coast of Epirus had reached Athens about five weeks after her departure; but no farther news of her was received. Thymætes, having been twice solicited by the governor of Lydia, who had heard of the apprehension of Alethes, to relinquish him to his authority, now determined to send him to Smyrna. During the above period, however, Alethes made every enquiry about his servants, offered a very liberal reward for their capture, and had sent a trusty friend to Smyrna for information concerning them; but no trace of them could be discovered.

Conveyance was now ready to transport him over the Ægean Sea; and attended by a guard of soldiers, he was

conducted to the harbour for embarkation. But at the moment he was about to step on board the galley, he was accosted by two persons habited as Roman noblemen. As they spoke he did not recognize them; but on examining their features more attentively he rushed forward to salute them, exclaiming "*Vos Deus misit!*"* and fainted in their arms. They were Maximin and Cardianus, the Quintillian brothers, who, returning from Ephesus, had just arrived at Athens. They had now been absent from Rome about four months; and being informed on their return that Alethes was in the city, and also what had happened to him, the loss of his valuable documents, they resolved to render him, if possible, timely assistance; and had changed their course towards Athens, solely for that purpose. They had been informed by Publius of the birth and fortune of Alethes; and consequently, felt no little interest in his welfare.

And furthermore, being about to leave Ephesus, they were apprised by their servants that an African slave of Servius Valerius was in the city, and desired to return to Rome; and after an equivocal explanation from him, as to the manner in which he came to Lydia, the Quintillian brothers consented to receive him on board their galley; and by him they were made acquainted with the misfortunes of Alethes.

The whole mystery concerning the loss of the property of Alethes, was now unfolded. Early in the day on

* God has sent you!

which he went to the Acropolis, the African slave, who was deformed, was met in the street by Clodius Corrinnius, who at once recognized him; and who, after ascertaining that Alethes was at Athens, gave him a piece of gold, and requested to see the remaining servant, but without his master's knowledge, that he might also bestow a similar reward upon him. In a short time the two servants appeared. From them Corrinnius heard of the success of Alethes at Rome; and that a gilded case contained the indispensable documents for the recovery of his possessions at Smyrna. Corrinnius was now certain of the execution of a meditated revenge upon him, who, he supposed, had been a principal cause of his disgrace. He found no difficulty in bribing the servants; and by a promise of a large sum of money, their freedom, and a conveyance with him to Lydia, he induced them to rob their master of the articles already mentioned. This being effected, Corrinnius made no delay in remitting information to the priest of Jupiter, that such a personage as Alethes, son of Sorex, who had been banished from Smyrna, for a rejection of their religion, was at that time at Athens. He described him minutely as possible, and thither he had gone, as informed by the servants. After conveying the intelligence, Corrinnius immediately left the city, and took the great road through Bootia to Demetrias, the chief town of Magnesia, whence he sailed for Smyrna. Arriving in this city, he dismissed the servants of Alethes without the promised reward; and the African, dreading that his master might recover him, or impressed with a sense of his own wickedness, wandered

to Ephesus, where he chanced to meet the servants of Maximin and Cardianus.

The Quintillian brothers lost no time in communicating to Thymoctes their knowledge of Alethes, and the manner by which he was deprived of his documents. The African slave was brought forward, and proved by Halocrates to be one of those, who had taken the aforesaid articles from his house. It was now rendered obvious to the governor that Alethes had been restored from banishment, and had possessed the necessary articles to recover the property at Smyrna, to which he was a lawful heir; and Thymoctes, by way of a *manifesto*, desired that the treacherous African should be publicly executed; but his master, who was ever ready to forgive, interceded and obtained his pardon; and the slave declaring a future fidelity, was again admitted into his service.

Alethes was now set at liberty; but chose to wait at Athens until orders came from Rome. And next day about noon, an ambassador arrived in the city, with a message to the governor, the purport of which, was, to liberate Alethes without delay, and to publish his fortune throughout Greece. He bore also an express for Smyrna, and documents the same in effect as those of which Alethes had been deprived.

After tarrying a few days longer at Athens, he proceeded to Smyrna in company with the Quintillian brothers, who had deferred their voyage to Rome, as the former had determined to dispose of his estates and return with them to Italy. Here he met with no opposition.

The ambassador on arriving, immediately delivered his message to the governor of Lydia. On the same day the chief magistrates were called together in the forum, who, after a short conference, proclaimed that Alethes, the son of Sorex, was recalled from banishment, and would inherit the estates of his father and uncle; and the same was published throughout the province. Meanwhile, however, the assembled council adopted measures to recover the possessions of Alethes. The whole had been sold after the death of Superius, and their amount added to the public revenue. Alethes proposed to receive the value of the estate, rather than disturb those who possessed them for several years. For the property of his uncle, he obtained a hundred and fifty thousand pounds; and for his father's nine hundred thousand.* The former he bestowed as a legacy upon the church at Smyrna, the interest of which was to be expended to alleviate the necessities of the indigent christians. The remainder of his fortune, he conveyed to Rome. He had now accomplished his business, but desired to tarry

* I adduce the following examples to show the immense riches of the Romans:—

Pallas, who had been a slave to Claudius, lived to possess an estate worth two millions, four hundred and twenty two thousand pounds.—(*Cicero*). Lentulus, the soothsayer, became worth three millions, two hundred and twenty nine thousand pounds.—(*Tacitus*). Lucullus sold the beautiful fishes from his pond for the sum of thirty two thousand, two hundred and ninety pounds.—(*Pliny*). Cicero says that he himself purchased a citron-table for eight hundred pounds, and the house of Crassus for twenty eight thousand,

a few days longer that he might become more acquainted with the prosperity of christianity, and review the scenes and haunts of earlier life, with which he was once familiar.

Only those, who have for a long time been absent from the land of their nativity, and who have returned to gaze with rapture, yet with sadness, upon the places trodden by the feet of early youth, can fully appreciate the interest with which Alethes contemplated the city of his childhood.—I once heard of a person who emigrated to America when a boy of sixteen; and who, after a period of fifty years, during which he had reared a family, and had lost every member of it,—returned to his native country to look again upon the scenes of his early childhood, and to lay himself down to rest beside the graves of his ancestors. He found his relatives dead; his friends changed beyond his knowledge; and those, who once knew him, now forgetful even of his name. The aspect of his native village itself was altered, and its former generation had passed away, and another had succeeded.

two hundred and fifty pounds. The emperor Augustus possessed private funds to the amount of thirty-two millions, two hundred and twenty nine thousand pounds.—(*Suetonius*). Tiberius, his successor, filled the public coffers with nearly the sum of twenty-two millions, which Caligula spent in less than one year,—who, says Suetonius, once swallowed a pearl, valued at eight thousand pounds. He often spent, says Seneca, the enormous sum of eighty thousand, seven hundred pounds upon a single supper. The celebrated Cleopatra expended the same amount upon *part* of a meal; but hers was the value of a pearl, which, being dissolved in vinegar, she swallowed at a feast with Mark Antony!

Without the village upon the banks of the Clyde, there was an ancient castle, which had withstood the desolating hand of time for five hundred years, and which he had often visited when a boy. This, and the majestic river laving its verdant banks, and the mountains on the north, appeared to the lonely pilgrim the only objects which had remained unchanged since the days of his youth. In the early period of our lives, we make friends of those of the same age with ourselves, and we form our ideas of the world from the experience we derive from their society; and when we arrive at manhood, we learn to distrust ourselves, and in a greater or less degree, those in whom we have confided, and seek integrity and wisdom in the society of those who are older than ourselves; and when age has enfeebled our steps, and the current of youthful feeling has become languid, we turn to the converse of the young and the joyous. And thus the superannuated pilgrim yearned for the scenes of his youth, and the society of those who could remind him of childhood's days. He purchased a cottage near the castle, and passed the remainder of his life in retirement, seeking only to converse with the young and the inquisitive, who occasionally visited his dwelling.

Thus with a deep and holy remembrance did Alethes contemplate the objects and scenes associated with the days, when a parent's eye and arm guided his inexperienced ways. He had then no pleasures but his parents were interested in them, and no wishes but they gratified. But death had deprived him of these; and on himself what a change the hand of time had wrought during the

last seven years! He was then young, and light in heart as the bounding roe; but now the ardour of his youth was gone, and he was a grave, majestic, and a thoughtful man.

Every object on which he gazed was identified with some peculiar sensation. If he looked upon the noble forum, the form of his father presented itself before him, and his voice fell in eloquent strains upon his ear. If he turned his eyes towards the prison, the cruelty of his uncle arose to his mind, and he thought of the inner dungeon in which he was incarcerated, with its darkness and its damp walls, the criminal's fetters, and the massy chains which loaded his limbs. And on this mistaken treatment he cast no bitter reflections, but forgave his cruelty, and lamented that he died without a conviction of the error of his conduct. Time may throw his oblivious shadows over the evil deeds which men commit, but no power can recall them from the past. And men act not in proportion to the early faculties with which nature has endowed them, but from the strength of the current of circumstances, which have since surrounded them. One person becomes accustomed to a certain object till he learns to admire it; and another, from no acquaintance, indulges a hatred towards it. One reveres a peculiar religion; and another of equal understanding, discards all fellowship with it. One loves a certain country, yet another abhors it. And hence arise the follies and errors of mankind, their disposition to combat, and to destroy each other's happiness—not from an intellectual, but a *casual* education. Domestic government and per-

nicious society have formed the characters of those, who have

"Played such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As made the *angels* weep!"

And the only remedy for the prejudices and evil propensities of mankind, is education. Cultivate the mind! It is more exalted, and a thousand times more valuable, than the material and infinite creations of the Almighty. Teach the youth that he is a *member* of an innumerable family, whose master and head is the Deity himself, "the father of us all!" Subdue the evil, and bring into action the benevolent and social faculties.—A child, that at six years of age manifests an irritable disposition, is sufficiently old to be taught its folly, (*without corporeal punishment*) and to understand when told, that it is indulging a propensity, which must, if exercised, affect its future happiness.

And although Alethes, even in the midst of his native city, felt like an isolated being, and sorrowful as he thought of his former misfortunes, yet an inexpressible consolation sustained him, as he reviewed the past, and saw the goodness and providence of God in all his history. He had twice been delivered from the machinations of Clodius Corrinnius. His uncle had persecuted him for his profession of Christianity, and now his riches were appropriated to sustain those whom he had most abhorred.* And thus doth God bring good out of evil. It

* Edward Gibbon accumulated an immense fortune by the sale of his celebrated "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," "which," says an eminent biographer, "has justly raised him

cannot be otherwise, than that He doth also govern it, who has created this spacious universe, with the infinite number of starry worlds above it, with almost infinite spaces between each. It may indeed seem strange, and even absurd to us, that we should be noticed by One so infinite and awful in all his attributes, in such a manner as to call forth his compassion and assistance; and yet we cannot doubt it upon a little observation; for, although we are endowed with capabilities to shun much evil that besets our path, yet no less than the guidance of God could deliver us from unforeseen and perilous situations. As a king protects his subjects, so doth the Almighty the perishable creatures whom he hath made.

"I cannot go

Where universal Love smiles not around
Sustaining all your orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression!"

CHAPTER IX.

Towards spring, the Quintillian brothers and Alethes returned to Rome; and by the family of Servius Vale-

a great number of opponents for his rejection of christianity." This property at his decease, he bequeathed to a gentlemen who had married his only child. A few years after the death of Gibbon, his son-in-law embraced christianity, and expended the greater part of the fortune in the dissemination of its doctrines.

rius, the latter was received with every demonstration of esteem. Nothing farther of importance transpired in his history, except a manifestation of reciprocal affection between himself and Acillia, which had inadvertently sprung up, and was nourished by each without being before revealed.

Sorex was lineally descended from the Augustan family; and consequently in his day, claimed the highest privileges of the nobility. It was not, therefore, below the dignity of a Roman general, intimately related to the emperor himself, to admit into his family a person of the rank of Alethes with a fortune of nine hundred thousand pounds.

Alethes had now resolved upon prosecuting his favourite study, oratory. There was now no objection in the way, as he was removed from a province where designs were constantly invented to deprive him of his life. He had already, at different intervals, made himself extensively acquainted with the art. The laws of Rome were indispensable; and to master these, he applied himself with unremitted ardour. His object in the practice of oratory, was not an increase to his wealth. He considered himself a citizen of the great metropolis of the world, and that one of his rank, occupying a conspicuous station, might effect much for the advancement of the religion of Christ.

But he had scarcely recommenced his studies, before he was compelled to relinquish them.—The giant of battle, with blood-red tresses stained by the slaughter of mankind, with eyes glaring fire and scorching the fair and

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beautiful visions of earth ; in his hand the thunderbolts of death,—was striding over the land, destroying fruitful countries, and turning into ruins flourishing cities and villages. Every breeze that kissed the hills of Rome, brought the clamours of war from the countries of Germany.

The Quadi, a numerous tribe inhabiting the northern branches of the Danube, and the sources of the Albis, had revolted from Roman jurisdiction, massacred the Italian soldiers stationed on their borders, slain the Roman officers over their villages, and had once more proclaimed themselves an independent people. They had confederated with their neighbours, the Boii and the Jazyges ; and were preparing to invade Italy. The news of the revolt reached Rome in a few days, and the most active preparations were made without delay, to march against them. Gaul had been totally subdued by the unconquerable Cæsar ; and the western and southern nations of Germany, intimidated by his mighty forces, by his conquests, and by the devastations that everywhere marked their footsteps, had yielded without resistance to the sceptre of Rome ; and had remained under her government more than two hundred years. About five years before the present date, and while Alethes was in banishment, occurred the war with the Marcomanni, which called into operation all the thunders of the Roman legions ; and during this calamity, which excited the fear of the Roman people for the safety of the empire, the Quadi seized upon the opportunity to revolt. Perhaps no war since the conquests of Gaul had so much

alarmed the Romans. The public treasury was exhausted, pestilence was depopulating their capitals; prophets were announcing the dissolution of the world; and famine and wretchedness stalked together over the land.

But Rome conquered and revived; and now her warriors were eager to engage in the enterprise against the Quadi. The spirit of military glory, partially extinguished by a few years' peace, was rekindled in their souls with its ancient ardour; and they thought of nothing but the subjugation of their enemies.

The formidable armies sustained at immense expense during the war, were now disbanded; and thirty legions only remained. Three were stationed in Britain, sixteen on the Rhine and the Danube, eight on the Euphrates and in Syria, one in Spain and two in Africa. The city cohorts and the prætorian guards, however, were in existence; and from part of these in Italy, the legions on the Danube, and volunteers at Rome, the emperor marched into Germany himself at the head of an army consisting of nine hundred and fifty thousand men*—Servius Valerius engaged in this expedition. From his persuasion, and as several hundred christians at Rome had been compelled to take up arms, Alethes was induced to join them.

Arriving in the country of the enemy, the Roman army encamped on the northern bank of the Danube, op-

*"Several of the northern nations having conspired against Rome, the emperor marched against them with 950,000 men."—*Book of Martyrs*.

posite the town of Vindobona,† till they should ascertain their position; and if possible their probable force. The united rebel nations, hearing of the approach of the Roman legions, who, they supposed, had not yet left Italy, retired among the mountains, now called Carpathian. Aurelius led forward his army to their place of rendezvous, and occupied a spacious valley on the southern side of the mountains, at the source of the river Tibiscus, (now Teyse), near the place where now stands the town of Hradeck. There he encamped his forces, and in the short space of twenty-four hours, had erected fortifications, and were ready for battle.

An immense area in the form of a square, composed the grounds of encampment; and the whole was surrounded by a rampart twelve feet high, formed of trees and earth, and enclosed by a ditch twelve feet broad and nine deep. The utmost regularity was regarded in the disposal of the grounds, and in the arrangement of the soldiers. Tents, constructed of leather and skins and fastened to the ground by ropes, were spread over the whole surface in broad rows resembling streets; and in the centre was the pavilion of Aurelius, decorated in a splendid manner with cloth embroidered with flowers, figures, animals, and historical sketches, all executed in silver and gold; and surrounding this, were the tents of

† Six years after this period, (174) Aurelius passed a winter's campaign in Germany, and died at this town in March following. The city of Vienna, capital of Austria, is now built upon the site which the ancient Vindobona occupied.

his retinue, the tents of the generals, of the præfects, of the tribunes, and of the quæstor. At the distance of several hundred yards from the emperor's pavilion, separated by a broad open space, were the forum, where the common meetings assembled, and articles for the army were distributed; and the court of the tribunes, where the emperor administered justice, where the altars of the gods were placed, and where all the sentences for punishments were executed.

Each legion was quartered separately, and its cavalry were disposed at different places of the encampment. The captains and inferior officers remained with their companies; and each standard pointed out the head of its legion. The whole number of the christians composed only a cohort, amounting to five hundred and fifty-five, placed in the legion which Servius Valerius commanded; and were given by his request to the charge of Alethes, who took up his abode in the tent of that general.*

Through the centre of the camp, at right angles crossed two broad streets, which terminated at each side of the rampart, at a gate, making four in number. About the fortifications and the gates, were strong guards constantly watching, which were relieved day and night at every three hours.

The whole army was divided into ninety legions, each composed of nearly eleven thousand men, including several light armed troops, necessary attendants for baggage

* "Young noblemen, under the general's particular care, were said to abide in his tent."—*Howe*.

and other indispensable duties. The principal force of a legion was embodied in its infantry, which was divided into ten cohorts and fifty companies; and the former were commanded by tribunes or præfects, and the latter by centurions. The first cohort bore forward the standard, and exceeded the common cohorts by its selected veterans, and being twice their number. Beside these, there was a body of cavalry attached to each legion, of seven hundred and twenty-six men; and their arms were, a helmet, a shield, a coat of mail, boots, a javelin, and a long broadsword. The arms of the infantry consisted of a helmet with a lofty crest, a breast plate, greaves for the legs, and a concave buckler for the left arm of an oval figure, which was four feet long, and two and a half wide; a short two-edged sword, and a spear six feet in length, terminated by a triangular point of steel eighteen inches long.

During the first night of the encampment of the army, the most extraordinary precautions were adopted. The tops of the rampart were thronged with sentinels; and large engines were erected near them for throwing stones and heavy darts, ready to be discharged at the approach of the enemy.

That night! who can describe the feelings with which the vast multitude of Romans contemplated its splendour and presaging omens, for in the stars, the bravest and the wisest sought to read their fortune or their fate! Nearly a million of beings were assembled in the bosom of a valley, of a circumference of more than ten miles, surrounded by mountains, whose heads were covered with

eternal snows and reared to the stars, as if to converse with Him, who held in his hand the destinies of those reposing at their feet!

To add to the gorgeousness of the scene, the moon shone with uncommon brilliancy, and the glowing constellations followed each other up the east in their paths of infinite space! Think you, they contemplated their greatness, their imperishability, the inconceivable knowledge involved in their natures? But at least, they gazed upon, and conversed with them as oracles predicting the fortunes of men, the fate of nations, the wane and the dissolution of kingdoms and of empires.—And on that night, the father's heart was holding communion with his distant home; the husband thought of his wife, and many of the dear friends they might see no more. But the hope of conquest animated their spirits, and they turned to the approaching contest with their enemies, with ardent anticipations.

Spies had brought news on the first evening that the foe were on the opposite side of a chain of mountains, and were collecting their forces. The night passed away, however, without any indication of their approach. But on the following morning as the sunlight broke upon the earth, as far as the eye could penetrate from the north to the south, and from the east to the west, the whole country seemed a mass of living men. On the outskirts of the valley, and on the mountains they took up their abode for several days, without offering battle to the Romans. Aurelius did not now deem it expedient to attack them. To his inconceivable astonishment, they already appeared

twice as numerous as his own army; and from their movements, he supposed that they were expecting additional forces. He judged it the most prudent, therefore, to maintain his fortifications, lest withdrawing his legions, an enemy might arise from ambush and take possession of them. The ground which the Roman army commanded, was perfectly well known to most of the generals; and they had occupied it without sending forth pioneers to explore its facilities. It was a country abounding with springs, and was well watered by several small streams. The northern branch of the Tibiscus took its rise two or three leagues distant to the west; and flowing east, it passed within a furlong of their quarters. This was the only stream that could supply them with water, as the others were exhausted through an excessive drought. No rain had fallen for a long time, and the weather was exceeding hot and oppressive. The grass and herbs were almost entirely withered; and with the utmost difficulty the horses and other animals existed.

The Romans had remained within their encampments for three or four days, the enemy keeping aloof and commanding the surrounding hills. The object of the rebel nations in refusing battle, now appeared to the Romans in all its fearful character.—On a sudden the latter found themselves deprived of their accustomed resort to water! No resource remained! The enemy had cut off the stream which watered the valley, by connecting it to the west, with the source of a small river, uniting with the Danube at the village of Gran, about thirty miles north-west of Buda.

The path of ingress of the Roman army into the valley, lay to the south; and it was discovered that the enemy had made intrenchments across the whole width of the pass, rendering a retreat utterly impossible. The only alternative now remaining to Aurelius, was to withdraw his forces into a narrow, but very extensive valley to the north, lying between two chains of parallel mountains. Were his army in that situation, he might not hesitate to attack the enemy, as he could extend his forces along the bed of the valley, and form them into order to combat with the greatest advantage. An egress could be effected by means of a rocky defile between the two places; and was slightly guarded, being deemed of little consequence.

Aurelius assembled his generals, and consulted on the measures to be adopted. The result was, that the army should make immediate preparations for evacuating their encampments, and regaining the distant valley. Every order was now executed with the utmost dispatch; and within an hour and a half from the formation of the project, the whole army was in motion, and had reached the pass about three miles distant. Here they met with some opposition, but insufficient to retard their progress.— They were marshalled in a solid column; and coming in contact with three or four hundred guards only at the pass, they slaughtered them almost instantaneously, without a single escape.

By these manœuvres, Aurelius acquired the greatest advantage over his enemies, as he could extend his legions throughout the whole length of the valley, if

necessary, which was not less than thirty miles long, from a mile to one and a half wide, of a rocky bed, and almost destitute of vegetation.

Every motion of the Roman army tended to facilitate their success, so perfect was their discipline and the skill of the generals. An immense line was drawn up through the valley, and at once disposed in the order of battle. Meanwhile, the enemy had pursued, and gained the same ground; but instead of forming themselves in a single line and offering battle as the Romans expected, they divided into two wings and followed the course of the mountains, until they again almost surrounded their enemies. The sun had long since passed the meridian, and the two hostile armies still refused an onset. The heat was now almost insupportable. Not a cloud shaded the burning sun, nor even a breeze cooled the sultry air. The Romans were famishing for want of water, not having had any for upwards of four days, and the only means by which they had preserved their lives, were derived from the nourishment of wheat and fruits. Nearly all their horses and other animals had either died for want of food and water, or were killed by the army to obtain their blood. The Romans themselves were now dismayed, and ready to take away their own lives. This they would rather do, than yield themselves up to their enemies, for passing into their power, they knew a Roman would receive no quarters. They saw their foes almost twice as numerous as themselves, brave, robust, and warlike; yet unwilling to contend with their famishing army.—Such a situation was miserable beyond description.

A truce was now dispatched from Aurelius to the enemy with proposals of capitulation. The ambassador returned with a message, the purport of which was, that the chief of the Quadi, being commander of the field, wished the emperor of Rome to be told, as the Germans commenced the war, it was at their option to discontinue or prolong the campaign; that his forces numbered one million three hundred thousand, and that he possessed provisions sufficient to feed them in their present situation three months; and had access to innumerable fountains of water. Aurelius received this message with his usual fortitude, and immediately ordered an assembly of the generals and inferior commanders, who collected by the sound of a trumpet blown throughout each legion. A consultation now took place.

Having consulted the auspices, and summoning up the opinions of those who were the most renowned in war, the result was, that an attack upon their enemies should be deferred until the following day, when the army would have the advantage of the morning air, and be less fatigued.

But before the assembly had adjourned, one of the opposite army was conducted to the door of the court-room, who, the emperor was informed, had a message of importance. He was admitted, but not without being previously searched, however, whether he concealed about his person, any deadly weapons. He informed the emperor that he was a native of a town in Italy, but had resided for several years among the Quadi; and on the commencement of their revolt he was compelled to join

their army, or loose his own life with those of his wife and children. And that to-day, knowing his countrymen were suffering, and that greater miseries yet awaited them which he might possibly prevent, he had fled from their enemies. He furthermore communicated that the chief of the Quadi had deferred an engagement with the Romans while in the other valley, from an expectation of receiving additional forces; and it was his design by a superior number, to destroy wholly the Roman army, to march into Italy and surprise the capital. He had received intelligence during this day, that on the following morning they would be joined by a reinforcement, amounting to a hundred and fifty thousand, composed of the Catti and Alemanni; and he was only keeping back his army for their arrival. The emperor was furthermore informed, that beyond the mountains to the north, to the distance of seven or eight miles, was the eastern source of the Viadrus, (now the Oder) where the Quadi received their supply of water, and where it could constantly be obtained. But to procure water under their present circumstances, being nearly sunset, and having to pass a ground which the enemy occupied, was an impossible task.

Nothing was now left them, but to defend themselves more strongly by their intrenchments, and prepare their engines for their powerful operations. These being done, Aurelius commanded a sacrifice to be made to Jupiter, in behalf of his suffering army. The greatest which could be offered in their present situation, was spread before the guardian of the empire; and the worshippers

waited long and anxiously for the object of their supplication. The shadows of night gathered over the adjacent mountains, and the Romans were left to observe the omens of the heavens, and to protect themselves from their enemies.

Morning at length dawned in the east, and no rain had yet fallen to refresh the earth, and animate the dying Romans. About sunrise the barbarians began to move, and were marshalling for battle. Their united acclamations and the blasts of their trumpets announced the arrival of the expected forces of their allied powers; and two immense lines were soon drawn up, at the foot of each chain of mountains, with the Roman army between. But the line on the east, although strengthened by the forces just arrived, had the disadvantage of a considerable inclination of the bed of the valley for several miles. This, with the other advantages they possessed, the Roman generals did not fail to contemplate. Their own position, having the enemy on each side, was also in their favour. For, although the barbarians were twice as numerous as their own army, were the legions supplied with water and provisions, they might be confident of a complete victory.—The discipline of the soldiers, their own superior individual strength, the adroitness with which they moved and used their arms, warranted this presumption.

But their troops were emaciated with hunger and thirst; and disaffection and mutiny were already manifest among them. Aurelius, being about to address his army, was accosted by one of his inferior commanders,

an Egyptian, who assured him that the gods of Egypt had never refused to answer the prayers of those who were in distress. He was permitted to present such offerings to them as he pleased. After doing so, he supplicated most fervently the goddess Isis, who is said to have presided over rain and fountains; and having exhausted himself in her devotion, he retired to wait the issue.

At the same time, the chief of the Quadi appeared to be holding a conference with his commanders. This probably was the case, as he delayed an attack upon the Romans till the afternoon, after having arranged his men in a position for battle.

In the meantime, no indication of rain appeared in the heavens. The situation of the troops of Aurelius was now hopeless; and although the emperor seemed to contemplate it with the true feeling of a stoic philosopher, yet his spirit agonized within. Riding to the head of his army, he dismounted; and looking up to heaven, exclaimed, "by this hand which has taken no life away, I desire to appease and supplicate thee, thou giver of all life!"

The Romans anticipated and waited for rain as on the preceeding occasions; and nothing farther of importance transpired until noon, when Servius Valerius intimated to the emperor, that as the christians worshipped a god altogether different from theirs, they might be permitted to invoke him for assistance. To this he readily consented; and Servius Valerius informed Alethes of the emperor's wish, who immediately led out his cohort from

the ranks. The christian soldiers kneeled down in the presence of Aurelius, with Alethes at their head. Fer- vently, yet not indistinctly, they called upon the God whom they worshipped, the Almighty Ruler of the uni- verse, for the sake of his son Jesus Christ, to hear and grant their prayers. Then they prayed for Aurelius himself—for the welfare of the empire—for the prosperity of christianity; and finally, for an immediate display of infinite goodness in the preservation of the army by or- dering the heavens to pour out their rains upon the earth, and by putting their enemies to flight. Before they arose from their knees, a dreadful hurricane passed through the valley from the south, overturning the few trees scattered up and down the place, and rending in a thousand pieces several tents that remained spread above the sick. The sound of distant thunder immediately suc- ceeded, and the wind continued to blow severely from the south.

Alethes now arose to his feet, and looking the emperor in the face, exclaimed with a countenance radiant with joy, "*et Deus audivit et respondit!*"* and having desired that the army might hope for rain, he directed the chris- tian soldiers to resume their places in the ranks.

The thunder continued, and its roaring became every moment more audible. The whole heavens were gra- dually overspreading with dark and portentous clouds, and assuming a frightful aspect. Of a sudden, the light- ning shot fearfully along the valley and across the skies.

* Translation: God has both heard and answered.

Again the thunder pealed upon the ear, but with redoubled violence.—But the revolted nations are sounding for battle! On the east, one vast and solid column are marching towards the Romans, and the two lines are rapidly approaching their enemy. The shouts of millions again rend the air.—But the heavens have unlocked their repositories, and the dark clouds begin to drop down their burthens upon the arid earth. The Romans shout for joy, and catch the falling rain in their helmets and hollow shields.

Hark! the sound of clashing arms is on the air.—Enemies have met, and the blood of the wounded mingle with the rain of heaven. Millions of hostile arrows are darting forward. Innumerable swords and spears are drawn, and reflect the flashes of the fearful lightning. The prætorian guards and the cohorts who bear the eagles, have borne down, and routed the enemy at the head of the army on the west, and the emperor retires to give orders, and contemplate the scene of the conflicting armies.

But behold! awful lightnings glare around! The thunders break on the neighbouring mountains like the crash of worlds convulsed from their inmost centres, and the ground trembles beneath as though an earthquake were rending the globe. The barbarians stand motionless, awed at so wonderful a scene.—But hark! a dreadful tempest is sweeping over the earth, bearing before it whatever obstructs its path. On either side of the mountains, as far as the eye can penetrate, every tree is overturned by its tremendous power.—Again the lightning

illuminates the livid clouds, and the darkness of the earth. Now a torrent of rain bursts upon the Roman army, while a storm of hail overwhelms their enemies.—Raising a tumultuous shout, and crying that the gods are fighting against them, the barbarians flee, with the utmost terror and dismay. The Romans pursue them.—The hope of victory maddens them with delight.—The dead, the dying, and the wounded, cover the ground over which they have passed.—But thousands of their enemies are throwing away their arms—are casting themselves at the feet of their conquering foes.—They supplicate their mercy, and entreat their intercession with the gods of heaven.—The wind and the hail have ceased. The thunder and the lightning have passed away, but the rain continues to deluge the earth.

The Romans victorious are now withdrawing from the field of carnage, leading in triumph the chief of the Quadi, many of his generals, and several thousands of his warriors. The darkness of night again shrouds the earth, affording to the wearied Romans a period of grateful repose.

Among those taken captive, was one formerly a Roman soldier of considerable note; but being expelled from Rome like Cariolanus, in imitation of that general, joined himself to a people, whom he supposed hostile to his country. Hearing that the Quadi were in a state of disaffection towards the Roman government, he immediately visited their territory; and arrived there about four months antecedent to the period of the present battle with that nation. Here he discovered an ample prospect for

revenging himself on those, who had deprived him of his liberty. He made himself known to the chief of the country; and by his influence with that personage, succeeded, in a few months, in prevailing upon him to take up arms against Italy. He was the most prominent in plans of arrangement for the army; the foremost in difficulties; the most unwearied in toils and marches. And when the Quadi ascertained that Aurelius was in the neighbourhood of the Danube with a powerful army, he prevailed upon the chief to retire to the mountains and reinforce his numbers. Upon this movement, he went into the country occupied by the Catti and the Alemanni; and from these nations, he raised an army of a hundred and fifty thousand men, who arrived among the mountains on the morning of the engagement with the Romans. On the defeat of the Quadi he was taken captive after an unsuccessful attempt to deprive himself of his life. On the morning following, he was led out for execution, according to the command of Aurelius, who thought it unnecessary to crown a triumph with so perfidious a wretch. This was a scene of much interest, and every Roman was eager to be a spectator of it. An elevation was made within the encampments, about ten feet high, sufficiently large to admit three or four persons standing in an erect posture. The criminal was led up to it in chains; and after being bound in a position suitable to be beheaded, one of the generals was ordered to perform the execution.—To take the life of a Roman, so distinguished in a war with his own country, was not deemed dishonourable, if performed even by the most

dignified citizen of the commonwealth. This duty was given to Servius Valerius, as the most suitable person to perform it. It was in accordance to his own wish; for, although not gratified that such an opportunity had occurred, he yet was happy in executing the deed.—As he was about to ascend the scaffold, Althes stepped up and presented the sword taken from Corrinnius at Rome, as the most suitable instrument for the execution of such an individual as was about to suffer death. This Servius accepted with complacency. He then ascended the elevation; and with a blow possessing all the energies of his nature, he severed the head from the body, which was soon taken down; and after being mangled by the soldiers, it was carried to a distance from the camp and abandoned to be devoured by the wild animals of the forest. His head was then placed, by request of Servius, upon a spear and borne throughout the camp for the gratification of the army.*—Reader, this is the end of Clodius Corrinnius!

CHAPTER X.

Aurelius, after recruiting his army, marched throughout the province which the Quadi inhabited, and also through several others of Germany, until he finally sub-

* The head and right hand of Cicero, by command of Mark Antony, were severed from his body and fixed upon the tribunal, where the orator had often lectured the citizens of Rome,

dued the enemy, and overcame all opposition to his government.

Immediately after the preceeding engagement with the Quadi, he sent an embassy to Rome, bearing the news of his victory, and other important documents for the Senate. From a letter which Aurelius wrote to the Senate at this time, the following is an extract:—"I also present you an account of the great difficulties which happened to me while in Germany—how I was surrounded and besieged in the midst of it, and afflicted with heat and weariness.

"When seventy-four regiments of the enemy had approached us, I readily perceived that our own army was far inferior in multitude to this company of barbarians. I then addressed our gods in prayer; but being disregarded by them, and considering our great calamities, I ordered the christians to come forward and make supplications to their God. As soon as they had prostrated themselves to the earth, they prayed not only for me, but also for my whole army, and for present relief from our distressed situation.—It was now the fifth day since we had obtained water, there being none in the place, for we were in the midst of Germany, surrounded by the mountains.

"But soon after the christians had prayed to a god, who was unknown to me, rain descended from the heavens.—And after their prayers we found God to be present with us, as one who is impregnable and invincible.—It is my desire, therefore, that no person, who is a christian, shall be either questioned or accused for any other reason than

being a christian. Let not the governor of any province of my empire, hereafter, compel him to renounce his religion, or deprive him of his privileges as a Roman.—It is my will that this declaration be ratified by a decree of the Senate."

The christian soldiers, who were thus instrumental in preserving the army of Aurelius, and perhaps the liberties of Rome herself, were ordered by the emperor, after their return to Italy, to wear shields with a thunderbolt engraven on each, in commemoration of the storm, which put to flight the armies of the Quadi. The company of soldiers were distinguished always after by the appellation of the "*thundering cohort*."—The transactions of this memorable battle, and other events of importance connected with this war in Germany, are sculptured on the pillar of Antoninus, alluded to before.

Towards autumn Aurelius returned with a part of his army to Rome. About twenty-five or thirty legions he located in different parts of Germany for the future preservation of peace.

The day after his arrival he ordered to be celebrated with the utmost pomp and thanksgiving. Early in the morning every altar was prepared to receive the bleeding sacrifice; every shop was closed; every kind of manual labour was suspended; and every street was thronged with persons, whose hearts eagerly participated in the splendour of the day.—The triumphal procession at length began, which was to confer the highest honour upon the military character of Rome, seldom or never omitted after an absolute conquest of the enemy.

The bands of musicians, belonging to the several legions were assembled together, and were the first company that distinguished the procession.—Songs appropriate to the occasion, were both sung and played by them. After these were led the oxen for sacrifice, with their horns burnished with gold, their heads decorated with garlands and flowers, and their bodies covered with a pure white cloth; and were attended by those who officiated at the sacrifices. Next, conveyed in carriages, were the arms and spoils of the vanquished; and borne aloft upon the shoulders of men, were the gold and silver, and the gorgeous presents sent by tributary nations. Next followed a company bearing frames, which supported large pictures representing the recent battles, and the conquered country with its principal towns. After these, the chief of the Quadi and his generals, accompanied with their families and the captive soldiers, followed bound in chains; and were succeeded by the victors, whose duty was to conduct the vanquished. Their faces were wreathed with laurel, and they bore in their hands a rod, and an instrument resembling a battle-axe, but of lesser dimensions. This train was succeeded by a company of singers, about a hundred in number, splendidly dressed, wearing crowns of gold, and constantly singing the praises of the Roman army, or satirical songs against the vanquished. Then came a train of persons, bearing vessels containing incense and costly perfumes. After these, the emperor and his generals rode in splendid state.

The chariot of Aurelius was of a rotund figure, sup-

ported upon a single pair of wheels of massive silver.— On the external side were painted imaginary battles, in which were visible the eagles reared aloft, and the Roman armies bearing down their enemies. The top of the chariot was adorned with gold lace, that reflected the rays of the sun, and waved in graceful folds with the motion of the car. The emperor was seated upon a throne of ivory, paved with gold and precious gems. In his left hand he held a laurel sprig, and in his right a sceptre of gold, surmounted with an eagle of the same metal. The entrance to the chariot was behind the throne; and after the door was shut, an image of victory in an inclined posture, was presented with a laurel crown in the hand, in the act of placing it upon the head of the conqueror. The dress of Aurelius corresponded with the splendour of the occasion. A gorgeous purple robe, embroidered with gold lace, descended to his feet. Around his waist was a dazzling girdle, fastened before by a clasp set with diamonds. Attached to this was a chain of gold which guarded his sword, the hilt and sheath of which were wrought of the same material. About his neck, hung a chain of braided fibres of gold, supporting a hollow globe. In this was deposited a magical amulet, preservative against the envious deities. On the globe without were engraved these two words: "*Roma vicit.*"* To complete the splendour of Aurelius, his chariot was drawn by six beautiful Arabian steeds of the purest white, which were decorated with tassels of gold about

* Translation: Rome has conquered.

their heads; and embroidered garments were thrown over them, fastened to the harness on the back, and trailing in careless folds to their feet. The reins were composed of fine silver chords, woven together.

The chariot of Aurelius was followed by that of Servius Valerius, drawn by four steeds of the same appearance. He was clad with splendid robes, and wore a crown of laurel upon his head, and a sprig of the same in his hand. Upon his left hand Alethes was seated. After Servius Valerius, came the other generals similarly dressed, and drawn by steeds decorated in the same manner. Immediately after the generals, came the consuls and senators on foot, and were followed by the military tribunes on horseback. The remaining part of the procession was made up of citizens, each dressed with a spacious garment of white, called synthesis.

The triumphal procession began at the plain of the Campus Martius, about half a mile north of the Pantheon; and proceeding south through the Street of Triumph by the Circus Flaminius, it passed through the Porta Triumphalis at the south of the Capitoline Hill, thence by the Forum Boarium, by the Circus Maximus, then north to the Coliseum and the eastern foot of the Esquiline Hill, thence through the northern streets and along the Via Flaminia, entering the Via Sacra, and passing under the Arch of Titus to the Forum of the Senators. After listening to an appropriate oration, the procession turned to proceed to the Capitol. The captive chief and his generals were not allowed to be conducted farther, but were ordered to prison to await their sentence.

The vast concourse now proceeded to the Capitol where the emperor dismounted; and entering the temple of Jupiter, he deposited a crown of gold in the lap of the god; and after offering up a devout prayer for his protection of the empire, he ordered the priests to prepare the sacrifices. This being done, a splendid feast was given by Aurelius to the generals and his army, and also to the most distinguished of the nobility; and the day and night passed away with feasting and joy.

It now remains to say, that one week after the day of the triumphal procession, Alethes and Acillia were united in marriage, by the consent of her parents, and by the acquiescence of Aurelius, who was consulted in the important matter of the marriage of his niece to a christian nobleman.

The palace of Servius Valerius was gorgeously decorated for the occasion. The spacious drawingroom in the uppermost story of the palace, overlooking the Tiber and a view of the city; and to the south, a prospect of several valleys and vineyards, was the scene of entertainment and splendour. It was sixty feet in length, thirty wide, and twenty-five in height. Upon one wall to the right as the guest entered, was painted the history of the founding of Rome, as described in the *Æniad* of Virgil. Upon the opposite wall was represented the battle between the Greeks and Trojans before the walls of Troy. At one end, in the centre of which the door opened, were seated in niches excavated in the walls, the principal deities of the empire, sculptured out of the most beautiful white marble. Directly over the door Apollo

was seated in the attitude of playing upon his lyre, while his bow and quiver were reposing at his feet.

At the opposite end near the wall, stood several tables wrought of ebony, extending to a distance of about twenty feet. Upon these reposed harps and various musical instruments of exquisite workmanship. Over the tables was a spacious mirror, that arose above them to the lofty ceiling, and occupied the width of the room. When the evening approached, silver lamps wrought into the figures of animals and birds, and ornamented with precious stones, were suspended from the ceiling; and their dazzling light threw a brilliancy on every object, representing the scene of an angel-palace. The guests were seated upon couches, which corresponded in magnificence to the surrounding objects.

The marriage ceremony was already performed; and the bridegroom and bride were seated near the tables with their faces towards the door. Upon the right hand were seated the parents of Acillia; and on the left, those of her nearest connexions. Couches were arranged in tiers throughout the room; and the guests were composed of the particular friends of Servius Valerius at Rome; and the generals who had served with him in the recent campaign of Germany.

After supper, which was served upon narrow tables extending in rows through the room, and which, though the enormous sum that Caligula and others expended on similar occasions was not appropriated for it, was notwithstanding very costly,—a company of musicians appeared; and the assembly was entertained during the re-

mainder of the evening by the choicest productions of the Latin bards.

As soon after his marriage as that occasion would permit, Alethes directed his attention to the happiness of the christians at Rome, and other towns of Italy. At the death of Servius Valerius, Acillia being his only child, his fortune would go to the possession of Alethes. This consideration, with an humble dependance he placed in the goodness of God, induced him to expend his fortune received by his father, for the advancement of christianity. He erected several places of worship at Rome, and others wherever the increase of the disciples of Christ required. He constantly and devotedly gave his attention to the sick and the poor; and none who needed his bounty, remained neglected and destitute.

Acillia as well as himself became interested for the prosperity of christianity; and founded a society for the support of poor widows, and endowed it with a sum of several thousand pounds;—and after triumphing over many dangers and persecutions which assailed christianity after the death of Aurelius, which transpired six years subsequent to this period, Alethes and Acillia retired from Rome and passed their lives in a distant country, in the enjoyment of their wealth, and in the diffusion of the blessings which the glorious religion of Christ presents.

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DIRGE FOR "L. E. L."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LEISURE HOURS," "ALTHEA," ETC.

MISS LEUCITIA ELIZABETH LANDON, the authoress of many popular volumes, both prose and poetry, was a writer for several years above the signature of "L. E. L." In the summer of 1838, she married Mr. M'LEAN, Governor of the Cape Coast Colony; and died at that place about three months after her arrival, upon the 15th of October.

She is buried in the Court Yard of the Castle, near the sea, whose ever-dashing waves send forth a wild, yet plaintive moaning, as if re-echoing and perpetuating the mournful notes of her silent harp. Miss Landon was the most admired female writer of her time; at least, she was not less admired and beloved than Mrs. HEMANS herself.—The following poem was written immediately after hearing of her death.

"The harp is silent, and the spirit gone,
And half of heaven seems vanished from the air."
Pilgrims of the Rhine.

Touch, lightly touch the Harp !
For life has lost a portion of its gladness !
Yes, one whose melody was love's deep feeling,
Has passed away, and we are wed to sadness.
Quick tears of sorrow to my eyes are stealing
My heart is full of weeping, and sincere,
For one, we dearly loved, has passed from life's bright sphere.

Yes, lightly touch the harp,
Oh ! let its deeper tones the soul awaken
And stir it to that grief that knows no ending ;
A holy sorrow for the loved one taken
From truest hearts that are with sorrow rending,
Befits the mourner for her of the lyre :
For yet our hearts are warm with her soft words of fire.

Hers was no earthly spirit !
For round me is a spell of heaven-born beauty,
Caught from some fairy landscape in her dreaming.
And tales of love, with gentle, moral duty—
A word unspoken—which has caused the streaming
Of the last life-drop of a fondest heart ;—
And should we not lament when such meek ones depart ?

Hers were the heart and song—
The starry sentinels of heaven's dominion,
Their spirit beauty, and long years of glowing,
And earth's bright visions borne on Time's swift pinion
To some angelic region—these were flowing
In songs of fairy language from her lyre,
And filled us with high hopes, and being's fond desire !

They're tones that cannot die !
For in my memory ring those thrilling numbers,
That came as from some angel's lyre or singing,
When man is mute in midnight's deeper slumbers.
Yes, in my memory still those tones are ringing,
Tones of the lyre, alas ! for ever hushed—
A melody that from the soul, pure as an angel's gushed.

They're tones that cannot die,
Of early infancy and happy childhood,
To hopes, like cloudless stars, all brilliant rising,
Painting life's scenes as bright as nature's wildwood ;
Of manhood, and old age the world despising,
And nature's scenes, and golden-palaced dreams,
And many a magic tale of fairy dells and streams.

But it is ever thus !
For thus do young hopes pass with all their splendour,
Still eager yet to cheer one heart of sorrow,
And hovering near it like a spirit tender,
They're forced to leave it to a lone to-morrow ;
And thus our Sappho of Old England's bowers,
Seemed but to stay to gladden life's lone and dark hours.

And it is ever thus !—
For so wild Genius like an eagle speeded,
And roaming o'er the world in radiant pluming,
Seeks for its lower kindred, thoughts high and unheeded,
And regions unexplored, forever blooming ;
But little shares the glory of the gain.
And leaves its mortal home for heaven's own bright domain.—

But who shall tune the Harp !
Oh ! who its thrilling tones again shall waken,
That Harp of purest song and rapture breathing !
'Tis silent now all lonely and forsaken,
And lies, perchance where mourning flowers are wreathing.
Where is the hand that tuned it ?—Still and cold,
Or in a better world, it tunes a harp of gold.

Yes, who shall tune the Harp,
As it was tuned ere life's frail link was broken ?—
I hear no accent, but the wind's low sighing,
As though to tell her loss had Nature spoken—
Peace to the youthful dead ! Her name undying
Shall live within our hearts.—Joy for the spirit,
That shall a bright and glorious world for aye inherit !

ERRATA.

- Page 8, for "Smynia," read *Smyrna*.
" 12, " "Tarquinia," read *Tarquina*.
" 52, " "Trojan," read *Trajan*.
" 93, " "Palatanus" in the note, read *Palatinus*.
" 99, " "genitum," third line, read *gentium*.
" 99, " "out over," 19th line, read *cut over*.
" 104, " "Caligulas," read *Caligula*.
" 114, " "whether," read *whither*, 14th line.
" 115, " "was," read *were*, first line.

